LIBRARY COPY

"Maitri-Bhavan"
15, Sir Krishna Rao Road,
BANGALORE-4, South India.

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXIX OCTOBER 1958 No. 10

To "Shravaka"
SHRI B. P. WADIA

NO MORE, ALAS! is it our fortune to publish the monthly essay that expressed, ever since the founding of THE ARYAN PATH, its essential inspiration. For "Shravaka" has withdrawn into the Silence for whose Voice he found words, and we are bereft of that sage mediatorship. A little over nine years ago he gave his series a title, and himself a signature. To those who have a feeling for spiritual things his choice of these was like the giving of a well-known password and sign:—

> The "Doctrine of the Eye" is for the crowd; the "Doctrine of the Heart" for the elect. The first repeat in pride: "Behold, I know"; the last, they who in humbleness have garnered, low confess: "Thus Have I Heard."

Not in this series of essays alone but in all his long labours the implication is present: "Thus Have I Heard." At a boyish age he felt his vocation to Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, which he found set forth in H. P. Blavatsky's great book: *The Secret Doctrine.* A long and single-minded life he devoted to the study, the practice and the teaching of that Wisdom, in unaspersed loyalty to its Masters and Their Messenger in our time. Out of that loyalty sprang his life-work: the gathering together of sparks scattered about India into a flame to which might come real seekers for real Theosophy. His thought was always: "May there be many such in this ancient land where Theosophy flourished in yugas gone by till today the 'mighty art is lost.'"

Many came to him, for his life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that, standing firmly in his own place, he met all men in

whatsoever way they approached him. Some were delvers into old *shastras*. Without controversy, he dropped hints of where illumination might be found. Others who came with no faith in any doctrine, but only a love for the poetry of the world, found that he loved their love with a wiser love, and learnt from him to see the intuitive Wisdom of the poets; and so they passed into the Way.

Not his way; for he pointed to Robert Crosbie, who founded the United Lodge of Theosophists; to Crosbie's teacher, the Greatest of the Exiles, W. Q. Judge; to his teacher, the Messenger of the Masters of Wisdom, H. P. Blavatsky; to her Teachers, ultimately, to Whom leads the Way. In a personal letter he compared himself (for there was no owlish solemnity in his high seriousness) to a station-master. If a man had chosen his destination well, he might always expect help in getting on to the right line. Who knows how far along the Route the Station-master had been? From the outside one saw only a noble and unselfish man who had laboured effectively in the divine task of making pure Theosophy known again in India.

He spoke of himself seldom, and then only for a reason. Others he treated with a grave kindness, a princely courtesy of that high kind which does not overawe though it never descends to unnecessary familiarities. His humour had a way of setting people at their ease with the most exalted subjects, and, when he made gentle fun of one, the human soul in one laughed with him at one's own personality.

All his immense work tended to that: to help the imprisoned splendour set itself free. In 1918, speaking to the first labour union in India, which he founded, he said:—

> There are many among you who think that we people are something big, something special, something that you are not. I want you to give up that idea....All human beings, men and women, are divine. There is God within each one of you and that God is your only helper, the only person who will bless you, instruct you, inspire you, show the way out of darkness unto light. You are all Gods; you are all divine.

He saw this divinity of man in the true heights of all arts, sciences, philosophies, as it was the second object of H. P. Blavatsky's Theosophical Movement to show it. To bring appreciation of these nearer the common man is the object of the Indian Institute of World Culture, which he founded. His last Address to it was entitled "Our Soul's Need." It is reprinted in the pages following, that in its quiet, urgent sincerity our readers may behold the Man who gave it:

OUR SOUL'S NEED

ON THE 11TH OF AUGUST 1945, as the first of the Foundation Day Addresses of this Institute was being delivered, there came the good news heralding the dawn of peace over a war-torn world.

On that, our Foundation Day, neither the UNO nor the UNESCO had come into existence. But the ideas for which they now stand already existed and we of the Indian Institute of World Culture made use of them in inaugurating our Institute.

This is the Fourteenth Foundation Day Address and it falls to my lot to deliver it—perhaps the last of such addresses from me, for this body is getting old; but we have now good counsellors on our Managing Committee, good helpers and servers on our staff, and friends in many parts of the world. The seed sown on the 11th of August 1945 has grown into a sturdy tree, capable of giving shade and shelter to many. For this, a word of thanks must go to our workers and colleagues, the foremost among whom was our never-to-be-forgotten helper, Dr. L. S. Doraiswamy.

My mind's eye has roved over several fields, seeking an appropriate subject for this year's Foundation Day Address. The Cycle of Necessity, called by the Greeks *kuklos*, has brought humanity to a decisive point in its evolution. Vishnu's Chakra, which points to humanity's march of progress, also expresses the same very important truth. A quiet study of the Cycle of Human Unfoldment convinces us—will, we feel sure, convince any dispassionate student who looks into this problem—that the hand of the Clock of Karma points to the dawn of the emergence of man, *qua* man, man the individual, the Common Man. That expression, however, is often wrongly used, for what we mean by "the Common Man" is man in possession of a power common to all. That is, every man, every woman, every child who comes into this world by the gateway of birth with the Light Supernal which lighteth him or her.

Through centuries and yugas man has been learning the lessons of life through the avenues of dependence and conflict—dependence on others and conflict with others. The great saying of the Mighty Lawgiver Manu, that "Self-dependence is Happiness, other-dependence is Misery," has been applied in different senses in different eras. Thus, in our political struggle for India's freedom this saying was used by some of us who belonged to the Home Rule League. We explained how Self-Rule, the rule of India by Indians, would be happiness, while British Rule brought us the misery of other-dependence.

With India's winning of political sovereignty a new era commenced

and the world also has reached, in its life-movement, a new day. It is the yuga when each human being has to learn Self-dependence, so that he is not dependent on other men, on his Government or political party, on social servants, or on other similar factors. To face difficulties, to unfold resourcefulness, to learn to stand on our own feet, to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow—all this takes us away from abject dependence on others, frees us from enslavement of every kind. This idea we should try to propagate and to popularize in the Indian Institute of World Culture.

We speak of Self-dependence. But dependence on which self? We have the selfish self of passion and anger and greed—the egotistic self whose will is ruled by pride. It is not dependence on that lower or carnal self which Manu recommends. He refers to the One Eternal Self, the Great Self, the Mahat-Atman whose ray abides in the heart of each, and which is the Divine Self of every man. However fallen a person may be, the Light of Divinity is there within him. Within the skin of the leper a God sits; every sinner is a potential saint; every ignoramus of today is a Sage of tomorrow.

This idea gives to the very concept of other-dependence a new meaning, a new function. But the amplification of that idea would take us away from our field of study.

The Divinity within each of us—what a grand, energizing and inspiring truth it is! But how few, how very few, realize the stimulating fact! It is well said:—

> Alas, alas, that all men should possess Alaya, be one with the Great Soul, and that possessing it Alaya should so little avail them!
>
> Behold how like the moon, reflected in the tranquil waves, Alaya is reflected by the small and by the great, is mirrored in the tiniest atoms, yet fails to reach the heart of all. Alas, that so few men should profit by the gift, the priceless boon of learning truth, the right perception of existing things, the knowledge of the non-existent!

The great Gift which the Gods have transmitted to us, from the Divine Mind—this gift is not used, much less appreciated.

It is said, "Man does not live by bread alone." But, in this which is called the Economic Civilization, money which buys bread has become the Supreme God. More money, to buy not only bread, but cakes also! What is called a high standard of living—our friends in the U.S.A. call it "the American way of life"—means furnished houses, rich raiment, foods tasty to the palate, visits to cinemas and the like. All these would be perfectly in order were housing and furniture marked by cleanliness; were clothes

clean and not gaudy and ostentatious—remember, "the apparel oft proclaims the man"—but suited to the environmental conditions and the purse. Foods should be not only for the palate, but also for the nourishment of the whole body; cinemas are places of recreation, but recreation means "re-creation"; do the pictures we see, and are sometimes thrilled by, re-create our mentality, our morality?

We in modern India are suffering from the reverse of what is called a high standard of living. We of this land fancy that *our* way represents the way of the simple life; that we are a spiritual people. Our way of life is not simple and it has brought us bodily diseases and mental debility. We are not a spiritual people, but a spiritually fallen people; the only fact behind the prevailing superstition is that Aryavarta of old has left us the superb texts of spiritual wisdom. But how many are educated to understand them and, among the educated, how many are capable of appreciating the Noble Wisdom of the Great Aryas?

To live in an unsanitary hovel is not to live the simple life; to live in a clean hut is, and correspondentially it is better to live in a clean body and an alert mind than in an ailing body and an argumentative or fat mind, unable to jump over any idea.

We reminded ourselves that man does not live by bread alone; then by what else and more than by bread? What is called a high standard of living implies, does it not, multiplying our physical-plane wants for the body? This may be described as the horizontal progress of the human personality which generates rivalry and competition, ambition and greed, giving birth ultimately to discontent, disappointment, and even despair. There is another line of progress, which may be described as vertical—from the senses to the brain, from the brain to the heart, from the heart to the very Soul within. It is the pointing to this vertical line of evolution which is the special *dharma* of this Institute.

The care of the Soul and the Soul's instruments requires a higher kind of knowledge; knowledge is the key to personal and physical-plane success; but it is Wisdom which is necessary for seeking the Soul and securing its help and co-operation, its guidance for the mind, its inspiration for the heart.

> Knowledge dwells
> In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
> Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

The Greek Oracle at Delphi commanded, "Man, know thyself!"; and in this ancient land the cry went up: "*Tat tvam asi*"—"Thou art That." But the masses of men and women have gone on without any serious and

sincere attempt to ascertain who or what man is. Similarly, the masses of the Indian people, in spite of the Upanishads and the *Gita*, in spite of the *Dhammapada* and other superb Buddhistic texts, have gone on as if Atman were nought, the mind were material and the heart the seat of passion and the love of pelf.

The Indian Institute of World Culture has for its great and chief aim the education which takes the human heart to understanding, the human mind to right morality and the human hands to efficiency—accuracy and punctuality and purity.

The speciality of our Institute's programme is the spreading of humane ideas. Mere technical and mechanistic thoughts will not serve our people or the world at large. It is the mellowing influence of the classics—the myths, the epics, poetry, etc., which the brain and blood of the men of today are craving, perhaps unconsciously to themselves. We appreciate the work of the great scientists in every field, but by no means do we consider that modern science possesses the last word of Knowledge. Its knowledge and its methods may bring more bread and better bread, but they bring also more bombs, poisonous and devastating. Since man will die by bombs and cannot live by bread alone, therefore humanism, the classic subjects which touch and train not only the senses and the mind but also the heart and the Soul, are of greater value and importance. To spread such thoughts should be one of our aims.

It is my purpose today to present to you some ideas on this highly important topic which pertain to our future progress. Allow me to do so and, to begin with, do not consider the theme to be impractical. The present-day world conditions are a direct result of the "practicality" of the politician and the legislator in every land. There is no time for me to offer facts and figures and statistics to show how common is juvenile delinquency, how wide-spread are the diseases of the adult, how many the immoralities, as witness the venereal diseases, alcoholism, the psychoses and the neuroses. Condemning others will not bring us wisdom. The search for the Soul, the living of the life of the Soul, is *practical*, most practical, and also creative of national and international peace and good will for all humanity.

It is sometimes said that every man is a philosopher, *i.e.*, every man lives according to his own understanding, the power of his own consciousness. This, in a way, is true. But does this idea not carry the implication that the culture of that consciousness, that understanding, is a pressing need of all people today?

What definite knowledge can we supply, in however small a measure,

through the channel of this, our beloved Institute, so that those who come here may benefit from it and start their journey Soul-ward? We aspire that all of us should seek the Light of Wisdom which unfolds the power of Contentment and of Peace; and the strength of the Self.

The Ancient Philosophy, that which antedates the Vedas themselves, offers a Way of Life and some of its very definite principles we should now like to consider.

To begin with the doctrine of Evolution: the Ancient Sages did not teach Evolution as modern science does. Its picture of progression presents the truth of Emanation. What is Emanation? How is it different from modern science's doctrine of Evolution? Emanation is not opposed to Evolution. The Emanationists hold that nothing can be evolved—or, as the word means, be unwombed or born—unless it has first been involved, thus indicating that life is from a spiritual potency above the whole. The doctrine of Emanation deserves study by every sincere and serious mind.

Emanations imply that from the One Supreme emanate Intelligences of different grades on the side of consciousness and also the worlds of graded substances on the side of Matter: Lords of Light and of Wisdom, Great Buddhas and Dhyanis and Rishis; and then, grade by grade, lesser intelligences and, appropriate to each host of intelligences, worlds in which these function. Thus, *e.g.*, the well-known Three *Lokas*—Spiritual, Psychic and Material—are worlds of substances of different grades in which intelligences live and function and evolve.

Then the second implication is this: On this physical, material globe which we call Earth, all intelligences, from the highest to the lowest, live and labour and evolve. Here we find living Great Souls, Mahatmas, labouring for human welfare and helping Nature in Their own seclusion and by Their own silence. And there are on Earth geniuses, mystics, poets, philosophers, mathematicians and scientists and their students and pupils. Here also are the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. And behind what is visible to the naked eye and audible to the ear of flesh are the universes or *lokas* of sights and sounds. The Invisible Universe, with its lights and its darknesses, is not taken into account by modern knowledge; a great deal of human suffering is due to the non-recognition of this very important truth. One of our aims should be to bring the Invisible—the dark psychic and the bright spiritual—nearer to the consciousness of all who come under the influence of the Indian Institute of World Culture.

Next, in this ancient and immemorial philosophy the human kingdom occupies a unique position inasmuch as self-consciousness is acquired

and used by man alone. All kingdoms in visible and invisible Nature are living; every atom is a Life and is conscious, but not self-conscious. The human kingdom alone possesses the power of self-consciousness, *i.e.*, reflective consciousness, with the ability to compare, contrast and draw conclusions, to evaluate objects and events, which are all forms and processes of life. There are those who have passed through (shall we say graduated from?) the human kingdom, who guide and instruct ready learners. There are men and women now learning and evolving in the human kingdom—from the abject savage to the materialistic scientist, from the philosopher to the poet, from the mathematician to the mystic. The Indian Institute of World Culture should keep in view these different types of learners and offer to those of each type the best nourishment available for them.

Next truth: Evolution in the human kingdom is not only by the Impelling Force of Nature, or by Natural Impulse, guided by Divine Will and Divine Mind. Part of our human progress is by and through that process. But there is to be taken into account also the important factor of the freedom of the Human Will and man's Moral Power of determining his own course of life. In this every man is checked or helped by his own self-made destiny. To fulfil, in some measure at least, the purpose of his evolution man must possess real knowledge of his own origin and nature, and of the goal of life. Modern knowledge is not sufficient and the instruction of the Sages and Seers of the entire Ancient World and Their modern Heirs has much more to teach us.

What will be the most practical way for us today to perceive, even in silhouette, the basic principles of this ancient Divine Wisdom? Let us present to you three Great Ideas on which the Science of the Soul is founded. The Ancient Sages and Their modern Heirs have taught:—

I. Everything existing, exists from natural causes.

II. Virtue brings its own reward, and vice and sin bring their own punishment.

III. The state of man in this world is probationary.

These three fundamentals are the pure essence of all religions, however distorted the existing creeds. Let us consider them.

The first, that everything existing, exists from natural causes, cannot be rejected by any thoughtful, educated man. Even the scientist, circumscribed by his incomplete knowledge, will agree to this proposition in principle. But let us apply that to ourselves, to each one of us. Here and now we exist with our bodily health or ill health, our brain knowledge and ignorance, the merits and limitations of heart of each of us. Natural

causes produced every one of us. But who are "we"? What do we mean by "I" and "we"? Are we the ever-aging and continuously dying body? Are we our unsteady and wandering mind? Are we our emotions, our longing for pleasures and our desire to avoid pains? Who says, "I am getting old"? Who says, "My mind is wandering"? Who says, "I feel elated" or "I feel frustrated"? And who determines what I shall eat and drink, what I shall read, what I shall do?

The Man is truly the Human Soul who uses the body, improving or degrading it; who uses the mind, elevating or corrupting it; who uses the character, ennobling or degrading it. We, as Souls, are the creators of our Destiny. This is Karma: what we are in body, mind, character, is what as never-dying Souls we have made of these in the School of Life.

Of course, this implies Reincarnation: Heredity, atavism and the environment in which we find ourselves are but avenues of the Law which moves to progression and, through righteousness, to perfection. Life is a Great School; each one of us is a pupil in a particular grade; each one is learning, diligently or slothfully. Reincarnation is the Doctrine of Hope, provided we also perceive the value of the Law of Karma, the Doctrine of Responsibility. It is the hope born of the conviction of Reincarnation which is the leaven that leaveneth the whole life.

That brings us to the second proposition: Virtue brings its own reward and vice and sin bring their own punishment. Our deeds and words, our thoughts and emotions, are the effects of the virtues and vices which we have gathered from the past and which it is our privilege and responsibility to improve or correct in the present. By virtue we ennoble, by vice we degrade our character; we gain knowledge or remain ignorant; we build health or ill health. It is the *morality* of each man which has been building him through the long past and is building him in the living present. In this civilization we put undue emphasis on mental knowledge, which is really dangerous to the Soul; further, there is the unwise emphasis on technology and mechanics. Therefore in our Indian Institute of World Culture, while valuing the knowledge of science and praising the painstaking and truth-seeking labours of the great scientists, we must lay special stress on the humanities, which directly touch the moral basis of man—the primary instrument of the human soul. Virtue begets virtue; vice begets vice.

Let us turn to the third truth: The state of man in this world is probationary. The aim of existence, the purpose of life, is not inquired into by most men. "Who knows? God only knows," they say. Then there are people who exclaim, "What else is there to do but to eat, drink and be

merry? For tomorrow we die." Such ignorance, such cynicism, is unworthy of Man, the Thinker.

Who has not experienced the buffetings, the tests and trials of life? But how many ask, "Why is there so little of joy, so much of pain and sorrow in our lives?" The Divine Wisdom lays down the principle that in the School of Life we are learners on probation; we have tests and trials and they are explainers of the processes of life. Every event of life brings its lesson, its test, and so it is said that "the state of man in this world is probationary." In what way are we to understand this proposition? There is this verse which gives us a clue:—

> This earth, Disciple, is the Hall of Sorrow, wherein are set along the Path of dire probations, traps to ensnare thy EGO by the delusion called "Great Heresy."

If Universal Brotherhood is the panacea and its practice will lead us to the life of Understanding, of Peace and of Light, the idea that man lives in the midst of enemies and not of friends creates and envelops us in illusions, delusions, discontent and darkness.

Philosophically it is taught by all mystics that Unity binds all souls into one grand mosaic. The test for every human soul consists in his understanding and appreciation of the fact that the human kingdom should be, must be, regarded as a family. Behind and underlying diversity there is Unity. There are feud and war between us and others, individually and nationally, because there is strife between our own two natures—the animal and the human. Our test therefore lies in destroying in ourselves the immorality which springs from egotism and in acquiring the spirit which sees the Divine at work everywhere. The Beautiful is hidden in the ugly; the True is at the core of every untruth; the Good ensouls the Evil. Satan is the Archangel and His lust carries within it God's Love; His Wrath, God's Mercy; His Greed, God's urge to Righteousness. We are so saturated with our small sins and petty crimes that we fail to see that our greatest sin, our ghastliest crime, is to live and labour each as a unit separated from others. Destiny, Nature, God, tests us on this point of Love for all as against the love of our own self, or even the love of a few —our kith and kin, our friends and countrymen. Every time we widen our circle of friendship, our sphere of service of others, and offer our compassion to all, our gratitude to the Givers of bounty—on each such occasion we have passed our test as probationers on the path of life.

Underlying all our labour of love in this Institute should be the inculcating of this grand verity by precept and by example.

And now a few closing words.

First, may I appeal to you who are members of the Institute and also to those who are friends and admirers of the Institute to cherish its unselfish spiritual principles? Pragmatism and utilitarianism are not always and uniformly beneficent; idealism and the power to hitch our wagon to a star have invariably produced good results—developed courage, patience, hope. Mammon worship is not conducive to moral unfoldment. The wealth of knowledge which purifies and elevates truly enriches life.

We have already spoken of Universal Brotherhood. To love our neighbours, whatever their race or religion, whatever their social status, whatever their customs, habits and manners—this represents the highest form of human morality. We must develop that morality, that moral outlook, and for this we need two principles. We need the spirit of real tolerance and we can unfold that tolerance, leading to appreciation, by a proper comparative study of our brethren's religions, customs and habits, manners and points of view. But for such a study to bring us practical benefit we have to look at the forces and faculties which unite man to man. Every human body is different from every other human body, and yet all human bodies are similar inasmuch as all of us have two eyes, two ears, two hands, two feet and one tongue. The constitution of all human beings is also similar. Each is a Soul and has a mind nature, an emotional nature and a bodily nature. We cannot love our fellow men with understanding without adequate knowledge of the complete constitution of the human being.

Finally, allow me to give expression to my conviction, and I do so in the interest of this Institute. All of us desire intensely and fervently that it should grow, vibrating at the same rate and in the same fashion as in the past. What has created that vibrant power? What my colleagues and myself who are students of Theosophy as taught by H. P. Blavatsky, whose 127th Birth Anniversary we are also celebrating today, have been able to achieve is wholly and entirely due to the power and wisdom of Theosophy. The Institute does not aim at proselytizing anyone, but we who have laboured for it have done so under the inspiration of the writings of H. P. Blavatsky and William Quan Judge, after whom the Cosmopolitan Home for our young friends is named. What I have presented to you today for your consideration is the direct result of the study of Theosophy as recorded in their writings.

And now may I, before I conclude, offer to one and all of you who are present, and also to those friends who are not here today, my heartfelt thanks for all the kindness shown, and for the opportunity to offer a slight

sacrifice in the service of humanity? We labour in beautiful Bangalore, but our Institute radiates its bright influence, as a little candle throws its beams afar. May it continue to do so and may you all, friends and brothers, continue to help its growth, and its success along the lines of the Impulse originally given to it at the very start! May the Blessings of the Most High and of the Gracious Guardians and Helpers of human souls be upon it, and upon all of you! Thank you.

B. P. WADIA

This must also now be the map of guidance for THE ARYAN PATH. Always his vision and judgment and grasp of detail were the Editor's strongest support. Deprived of them, she trusts to have the kindness and help of those who were his friends, admirers, foster-children, in carrying on the work he inspired, founded and nursed.

EDITOR

SPIRITUAL LIFE is the gaining of an attitude....Each individual, by his own self-effort, gains an inner attitude; and, because he has evolved up to a certain point, he expresses something which is definitely his own, which profoundly represents his contribution to the spiritual service of his fellows. Spirituality should be understood as that particular attitude to life which enables a man deliberately to conceive the next step he has to take and to act self-consciously in reference to the world in terms of that step.

— B. P. WADIA, June 14th, 1921

MUSIC, INDIAN AND WESTERN

[WE ARE HAPPY to publish here a fascinating and informative study of Indian and Western music by a broadly cultured representative of the old Princely India. **Lt.-Col. His Highness Maharaja Rana Saheb, Shri Sir Natwarsinhji, K.C.S.I.**, occupied the *gadi* of Porbandar in Kathiawar for many years until, like other Rulers of Princely States, he acceded to the merging of his State in independent India. His article on the music of India and of the West is a contribution, by a *connoisseur* of both, to better mutual understanding between music lovers of the Orient and the Occident.— ED.]

WHEN two things differ widely, it is not easy to assign them a higher and a lower value unless the conclusion could be arrived at by a process of precise mathematics. When that is not practicable, one has to fall back upon the unsatisfactory law that governs likes and dislikes. Music, be it of any country, is not amenable to mathematical treatment. It would, therefore, be difficult to assign values to the various types; one can only relate simply what they are, what their differences are and what their similarities are. This essay, therefore, endeavours to make such an attempt in respect of Indian and Western music, with the object especially of bringing about an introduction of them to those of the West and the East who have had little or no contact with the other part of the world or its music.

The music of India should not be visualized as uniform over the whole country. Its style and pattern alters from State to State. There are the songs the boatmen of Kashmir sing as their oars glide their *shikārās* (canoes) along the canals of the river Jhelum or as they pole their *dongas* on the smooth surface of the Dal Lake. There is the folk-dance music of the Himalayas from the north-east of the Panjab to the north of easternmost Bengal, the music then merging into the soft legato style of the schools of music peculiar to that State. Jumping therefrom to westernmost Saurashtra and Gujarat, the type of music changes considerably with the various kinds of *rās* and *garbees* sung and danced with gaily coloured, perforated and lit earthen pots perched on the heads of girls. With each movement, the pots twinkle like a swarm of glow worms. Then almost side by side, and as a sharp contrast, flourishes that vigorous music which accompanies the martial *dāndyārās* (the stick-dance adapted from the old sword-dance) of the Mehr cultivators of Porbandar. The music and the *ghummar* dance of Rajasthan also have an enchanting character of their own, as distinguished again from the music and the

dances of, say, the Bhil tribesmen inhabiting the forests of Gujarat and Madhya Pradesh. Coming southward to Maharashtra, the trend of music takes another turn and conforms to the changing character of the folk-dance rhythms and movements displayed in the festivals of that attractive part of the country. It is from Maharashtra that the *sharnāi* (akin somewhat in sound to the oboe) accompanied by the impressive *naubat* (equivalent to the timpani of the Western orchestra) makes its appearance. The beautiful music produced by this simple combination of the *sharnāi* and the *naubat* (which again varies so widely from the stringed *veenā, sitār* and *sārangi* of Uttar Pradesh and the mid-north) then spreads throughout Southern India and culminates into yet another variety of melody, that of the fishermen of Kanyakumari, Cape Comorin, the southernmost tip of the country.

Similarly could be regarded the music of the West, ranging from the light and frivolous music of France and Spain, the beautiful traditional songs of Italy, the Czigane music of the sprightly dances of the Russian and Hungarian Gypsies and the graceful waltzes of Vienna, to the dreamy lilt of the guitar of Hawaii, the elegant Tango of South America and the romantic music of Mexico—not to mention the wealth of music contained in symphonies and operas by immortal composers such as Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, Grieg, Haydn, Mozart, Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Schubert, Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni, Bizet, Suppé and Rossini and the distinctive pianoforte music of Chopin and of composers like Richard Strauss and the two Johann Strausses. Then there is the music of contemporary composers such as Vaughan Williams, Elgar, Dimitri Shostakovitch, Debussy, Ravel, Benjamin Britten and Aram Khatchaturian. All these varieties of music of India and the West differ greatly; but Algeria and other countries of the Middle East could be called the meeting ground of both; for they produce a quality of music attractive to the people on either longitudinal side of that geographical zone.

What then are the salient similarities and differences between the musics of India and the West?

It could be said that just as the basic fundamentals of the nature of man must have sprung from one source at some time, so also must have emanated from a common point the fundamentals of his music. The uniformity of original simplicity that runs through the ancient folk songs the world over would seem to be an unmistakable indication, if not a conclusive proof, of it. The similarity that exists in the basic construction of the yodel of the Austrian Tyrol or Switzerland, the songs of the *rabāris* (cattlemen) of the Barda Hills of Porbandar and the singing of the

aboriginal Toda of the Nilgiris (Blue Mountains) of South India is of much interest to observe—the interest being enhanced by the fact that all these come from a factor common to all, the mountainous terrain.

The vocal performance of some of the *chārans* (also cattle owners by profession) of the Barda Hills and the Gir Forest (of the lion fame) in Saurashtra is extraordinary too. It is an amazing exposition of one static note, like that of the background in bagpipe music, combined with a totally different and sweet music like that of a distant flute, producing such variations of melody as may not be possible for any flutist to imitate. A stretch of imagination could well conjure up a picture of this music as reminiscent of the age when Krishna himself played the flute.

Historians of music believe that the classical music as it now exists in India belonged to what they term the Hanumān school of music (named after Hanumān of the *Rāmāyana*); and there is no evidence to show that any other form of music except the classical and the folk song existed in the country up to comparatively recent times. From the ninth century A.D., the music of India and the West began to develop and enlarge, and there appeared the light classical style in India and the "harmony" which may be described as the "clothing" of the melody, in Western music, which till then had been purely melodic as is Indian music at present (except for the modern cinema music, which, it must be said to the credit of its composers and musicians, is being harmonized with success). Despite the growth of music in the East and the West, some similarities continued to remain between them. Gregorian Music and its chants, for instance, bore strong resemblance to the chants of the ancient *Sāma Veda* as well as to a number of *rāgas*, and there is a short passage in the music of the Opera "Samson and Delilah" which is a pure representation of the Rāga Kālingada in Indian classical music. It was, however, from the ninth century, when Western music with its broadening technique of orchestration and harmony began to grow to astounding levels and the music of India remained fairly constant in its adherence to old traditions, that the two styles of music began to drift apart, and now there scarcely exists any resemblance between the two.

Unlike Western music, which has the main melody supported and enriched by harmony and other parts, in accordance with the variety of instruments taking part in an orchestra or voices partaking in a choir, Indian music has been purely melodic. For the depiction and guidance of time and rhythm, however, it had been accompanied by a pair of drums commonly known as *tablā*, the ancient name of which was *mridung* (the *d* pronounced soft as in French). These drums are a pair, each shaped differently and

tuned to a different key. The *mridung* music has a number of notes, and each note bears a distinct name. These notes, like those of other Indian music, are written in alphabetical letters with dots and other signs to assist the formation of bars. It is therefore not as easy to read with speed the music written in this system as it would be to read it in the Western. The *mridungs* have distinct zones on their surface allotted separately for the production of different notes; and it can broadly be said that every touch with the finger tips, or with the flats of the fingers or the palms, individually, or one in combination with another, would denote them. Little wonder then that with the combinations of such a quantity of notes, the Indian classical music contains a variety of "times" totalling as many as sixty-four, ranging from the simple *tritāl* to the majestic *dhrupad*. Certain *tāls* ("times") comprise as many as sixty-four notes to a bar. The *mridung* music is fascinating by itself, and a master of the *mridung* would be able to entertain an audience for hours.

The fund of pure melodic value in Indian music, however, would seem to be rather bound and not as vast as would perhaps be expected of it, having regard to the profusion of *mridung tāls* contained in it. The whole bulk of music is confined to thirty-six *rāgas* and their descendent *rāginees, i.e.,* sub-*rāgas,* which are closely akin to their parent *rāgas*. Though limited in number, the varieties of note combinations per each *rāga* constitute such perfection of certain melodic values in their own compactness that they have not afforded scope to any musician for centuries to evolve a basically new *rāga*. This may sound strange to one who has not had much experience of Indian music; but one who has would not find it difficult to appreciate that any departure from the conventional combination of notes in a *rāga* would produce something that at once jars on the ear.

Each *rāga* constitutes a fixed set of notes, and in some *rāgas* they are not the same in the ascending scale as they are in the descending. Here are a few types of them written in Western notation, taking C as the keynote:—

Example I

Ascending — c, d flat, e, f, g, g sharp, b, c,
Descending — c, b, g sharp, g, f, e, d flat, c.

Example II

Ascending — b (of the lower scale), d, e, f sharp, a, b, c,
Descending — c, b, a, g, f sharp, e, d, c.

Example III

Ascending — c, d, e flat, f, g, a, b flat, c,
Descending — c, b flat, a, g, f, e flat, d, c.

Example IV

Ascending — c, e, f, g, b, c,

Descending — c, b, a, g, f sharp, g, e, f, e, d, c.

Example V

Ascending — c, d, e, g, a, c,

Descending — c, a, g, e, d, c.

(The above *rāgas* in their respective order are: Bhairav, Yaman, Bhairavi, Bihag and Bhoop-Kalyan; and the last is exactly the same as the Pentatonic Scale in Western music which is much used in Scottish and Chinese music.)

Remaining, therefore, within the conventional scales of a *rāga*, adhering to the rules pertaining to the notes to be employed in the ascending and descending scales and abiding by the *tāl*, a musician then has full latitude to display his talent in any number of combinations and variations, either of slow and sustained notes or *ālāps*, regardless of any restriction of time. (An *ālāp* in Indian classical music is what a *melisma* or *cadenza* is in Western.) A proficient exponent of classical music usually takes from half an hour to three quarters to sing or play a *rāga* to his satisfaction. Not a note of this music would be written. It would all come spontaneously. Frequently it would, therefore, happen that the exposition of the same *rāga* by the same musician would vary on different occasions, for it would depend entirely upon the "form" and the mood he may be in. If, on the other hand, all this music with the variations and developments of several themes were to be put on paper so that the rendering of it were standardized, whether a vocalist sang it or an instrumentalist played it, then it could perhaps be said that it was similar to the symphonic music of the West, not in its melodic values but in the general construction and style of rendition.

The thirty-six *rāgas* are divided into six groups of six, and each group, by the old code of music, is assigned certain times of the day and night for its performance. Musicians do not strictly abide by the code nowadays, but some orthodox ones still do if the choice of the *rāgas* is left to them. Each of the six groups has a distinct character, which, judged by the musical susceptibilities of the ear, admittedly suits its assigned periods of time. In that regard, an interesting episode is related of a ruler in the last century who wished to test the soundness of the code of certain *rāgas* being suitable only for certain times. He had a variety of birds caged and placed in a room which could be kept completely dark. When the birds had been there for a few days and had been silenced by loss of all sense of time, the music was put to the test. Strains of the

afternoon music were first permitted to drift to the ears of the birds. They showed no signs of being affected. The night *rāgas* were tried the next day. The birds did not respond. But, when they heard the music which incorporated the melodies of dawn and dusk, they chirruped and seemed happy.

There are *rāgas* which are supposed to have been allocated for certain purposes. The Malhār, for instance, when sung, produced rain from a passing cloud. The Hori was alloted to the colour-festival of Hutāshani; Rāga Sindhoo was assigned to the field of battle; and Deepak was considered to have the power to kindle a light. Whether there is any truth in the claim that the Malhār and the Deepak had the potency to produce rain and fire when correctly sung as they were in bygone days, none can definitely say. But, since instances such as the cracking of glass panes by sustained notes of a powerful voice like that of the famous Caruso have been authentically upheld as truths in recent times, the theory that sound has a deal of force and energy in its vibratory properties cannot be ignored as unscientific.

Old books on Indian music describe the human voice as being of several types—the nasal, the throatal, the voice that is produced from the region of the chest and the abdominal. Of the throatal, there are two qualities—one that would emanate from a contracted throat and the other from an open. The voice from the chest could be likened to the Western "tenor"; and that from the abdomen, to the "bass"; and the more control a singer had over the production of these varieties, the more he was regarded as a vocalist of quality. Not much care was bestowed in India on the quality of voice production. It was not an unusual sight in a private performance to see a singer sip a drink to completion in the course of the recital of a *rāga* or smoke more than one cigarette. Nothing mattered so long as a vocalist was capable of producing the largest variety of *ālāps*. The type of voice that had preponderated was the nasal. The Bengal school of music, however, has been devoting itself with much success to voice training for the last quarter of a century or more. This success has had good repercussions, and singers are now caring for their voices with more concern than before.

Of impressive and soul-elevating choral music such as one would hear at the annual Eisteddfod of Wales or as sung by the Cossacks of Russia, India has little or none, save perhaps what the Bengal school of music had creditably initiated in the form of collective prayers and religious songs. A lead in this was given by that unique institution, Santiniketan, of the great poet and philosopher Rabindranath Tagore. It would seem, however, that Indian music should not be difficult to develop on choral lines because it would then essentially have to be set music; and,

when music is set, it is possible to render it to notation and to subsequent harmony.

Just as the West can boast of singers such as Caruso, Gigli, Tauber, Chaliapin, Paul Robeson, Tetrazzini, Melba, Clara Butt or Galli-Curci, India too has produced magnificent singers such as Abdul Karim Khan, Maula Bux, Vishnu Digambar, Fiaz Khan, Pandit Omkarnath, Bade Gulamali Khan, Dilip Kumar Roy, Vinayakarao Patwardhan, Kesarbai, Hirabai, Subbalakshmi or Meera Bannerji. Yet it is strange that a vast majority of people on either side do not have any appreciation of each other's singing. To the ear of the Eastern, the voice of a soprano, for instance, is usually translated as a depressing wail; while to that of the Western, the technique of the Eastern sounds like an attack of some intestinal disorder.

But not so in regard to instrumental music. It covers such a wide field that a portion of it always appeals to either ear. Rhythms such as those of the rhumba or the samba carry universal appeal; but the simple and graceful swing of the waltz or the tango would appeal at once to the Eastern, as would to the Western a *gat* (pronounced as English "gut," but *t* soft as in French), similar to a set piece, in any *rāga* in two-four or common time, or any piece in the time of *dādrā, i.e.*, three-four time. Then would come music such as that of some Italian or Spanish songs like the ever popular "La Paloma," "Valencia," "O Sole Mio" or "Ciribiribin." These would give pleasure to the Indian anywhere. Next would come the music of Russian composers such as Tchaikovsky or Rimsky-Korsakov, who show a constant touch of the Orient. But symphonic music would appeal only to those who have had frequent opportunities of hearing it through the medium of the radio or long-playing records of symphony orchestras themselves.

India has produced virtuosi of extraordinary talent. Enchanting would it be at any time to listen to players like Ali Akbar Khan, Ravishankar or Bannerji at the *sarode, sitār* or *veenā*, and Tirakva at the *mridung*, not forgetting the mastery acquired over the *sharnāi* by Ramzan of the reputed Bismillah Party or by Shankar Rao Gaekvad. The violin, too, has achieved a place in Indian music, though it may be difficult to understand why it has, when there was the ancient and purely Indian instrument, the *sārangi*, which, in every respect, even to look at, was so well suited to the music of the country. Nevertheless, to the observing and critical eye, the violin never ceases to have an aspect foreign to the genius of Indian music. The Indian violinists do not seem even to be concerned about holding the violin as it should be held. It is not an instrument which, like

other Indian instruments, can be played properly sitting on the ground, much less if it is not held between the collar bone and the side of the chin bone but allowed to rest on the biceps with its neck against the ground as is sometimes seen.

The violin, and for that matter the 'cello too, are instruments fitted exclusively for the music of the West, and the Indian enthusiast would enjoy listening to recorded violin music by wizards like Jascha Heifetz, Zigetti, Ida Handel and Oistrach, and the 'cello by Pablo Casals, Paul Tortelier and Zara Nelsova. It must also be acknowledged that there could not be instruments more complete in themselves than the piano and the harp, and that an outstanding pianist or harpist would command acclamation from a lover of music in any quarter of the globe. As to the harp, not enough tribute could be paid it, for it approaches something almost divine. And as for the symphony and philharmonic orchestras, apart from listening to their production of great music, even to witness the precision bowing of the violins and the 'cellos, and to watch the uniform movement of the hands playing the trombones or the fingers the flutes, would thrill the heart of anyone who was fond of music. Orchestras of Indian music are developing with admirable rapidity, and they should, before long, win laurels from countries they visit, as have the famous ballets of Udaya Shankar, Ram Gopal and Mridula Sarabhai.

Science is eliminating space at a staggering rate. It is bringing countries to be neighbours that were once looked upon as being far from each other. Political, economic and social contacts have increased to an astonishing volume, and cultural contacts have been no exception. India, in recent years, has had opportunities of welcoming famous virtuosi such as Yehudi Menuhin, Casado and Kentner, and through them has come to the very door of the music lover some of the best violin, 'cello and piano music of the world. Indian artists, in return, have paid visits to other countries and have been graciously received and entertained wherever they have been. Such cultural exchanges conduce to closer relationships between nations. New ideas are thereby born, new values created and new ties formed. It would naturally be the silent wish of one who loves music that music, too, might play its role in promoting good will and understanding, in which lies, in these uncertain times, so much of our hope.

N. PORBANDAR

ARE WE DISSIPATING OUR MORAL PATRIMONY?

[**Dr. Alexander F. Skutch** poses here a problem of vital import. Environment certainly may favour or discourage the expression of desirable qualities, but right attitude and action, as he may intend in his closing sentence to concede, are not conditioned reflexes and will spring naturally from a true philosophy of life. So long as materialistic philosophy and science divide the field with narrow and separative orthodoxy there seems to be scant prospect of the wide-spread practice of brotherhood, which is the world's great need. Man's hope seems to lie rather in rediscovering the religion of the heart, which is above all creeds, and in spreading clear and altruistic conceptions of rights and duties for application by increasing numbers in the spirit of mutual tolerance, charity and brotherly love.—Ed.]

For countless generations men of essentially equal status lived in small groups of co-operating individuals. The land which supported them belonged to the tribe or clan as a whole; even when families were assigned separate plots to cultivate they enjoyed the usufruct without title of possession; and when they ceased to attend their patch, it reverted to the common domain. Large undertakings, such as clearing forest and building habitations, were often carried out by the community; and the only obligation incurred by the principal beneficiaries of these works was to help their neighbours in similar enterprises. Food, whether the product of the cultivated fields or the surrounding wilderness, was as a rule freely shared with other members of the group; for primitive people appear to have been ashamed to eat while those about them were hungry. Men with special skills, such as potters and tool-makers, must have donated their handiwork to their neighbours, for there was still no medium of exchange. Even the headman or chief often performed his share of the manual work of the community; or, if he enjoyed exemptions, he had special obligations to fulfil, such as entertaining visitors and supporting widows and orphans.

Such a community of equals was bound together by the spirit of mutual helpfulness which pervaded it. In the absence of a medium of exchange and a scale of prices and wages, there could have been no minute calculation of how much each contributed and how much he received. Those with a tendency to shirk necessary labour were doubtless held to their tasks by their neighbours' disapproval; but so long as they displayed willingness to work, their output was probably not measured.

We do not know for how many generations our ancestors lived in simple, unstratified communities of this nature, but there can be no doubt that

they did so over a period far longer than that covered by recorded history. And such an ambient was highly favourable to the growth of those attitudes and sentiments which hold any society together; loyalty, generosity, co-operativeness, willingness to serve one's neighbours without counting one's personal gain. Undoubtedly, contrary tendencies were also present; the selfish and domineering attitudes so prominent in our contemporaries appear not to be recent developments but likewise to be inherited from remote ancestors. Indeed, there is abundant evidence of their presence in non-human mammals. But unless these disruptive attitudes had been overbalanced and held in check by the more friendly attitudes, primitive communities would have disintegrated.

The wealth of the most primitive communities consisted largely of things immediately useful, such as food, covering for the body, vessels, tools, canoes, weapons and dwellings. Although at an early period man's fondness for adorning his person asserted itself, the materials which he first chose for this purpose were mostly bright feathers, shapely shells, teeth, and other articles fairly easy to obtain and often rather perishable, so that their value was limited. Moreover, not only ornaments but also weapons and other artifacts were often interred or burned with the corpse of their owner, so that there could be little accumulation of property through inheritance.

With the discovery of forms of wealth that could be hoarded, like precious metals and gems, or which spontaneously increased, like cattle, the ancient simplicity and equality were destroyed. It soon became evident that those who possessed much of these things wielded power over their less fortunate neighbours and could command their services. Moreover, as a medium of exchange they facilitated trade, which hitherto had been limited to simple barter; and by this commerce the astute man's wealth could be vastly increased. As social inequalities became more pronounced, the thirst for riches became an ever more powerful incentive; not to fill the vital needs of themselves and their neighbours but to accumulate wealth became the principal motive for uncoerced toil. Only slaves and bondsmen worked without pecuniary reward. Avarice, contempt, envy and fear tended to displace friendliness and good will in the minds of men.

Despite the increasing commercialization of the world, the free co-operation which had been the foundation of the primitive social group continued within the family, especially among the less prosperous classes. Children helped with the household tasks, taking care of younger brothers and sisters, gathering firewood, running errands, aiding father and mother in innumerable ways. Where the joint family persisted, there was much

mutual helpfulness and free exchange of benefits among its several members. Particularly on the farms, much work was done for which no price was set or given; and neighbours often gathered to help each other harvest, husk corn or complete some other large undertaking for which they expected no remuneration, but only similar friendly assistance in their own tasks.

But in modern industrial communities, even these last remnants of free co-operation are fast vanishing. For everything we receive, for every service we request, we must pay a price; and to support this outlay, we must demand a price for everything we provide or do. Typically, the child is brought into the world by a paid obstetrician, in a hospital room for which a fee is charged. If the mother needs assistance in the home during her confinement, this must be paid for. If the parents wish to spend an evening away from home, they pay someone to stay with the baby. At the earliest possible age, the child is sent to a kindergarten in charge of a paid teacher; and thereafter, until he graduates from college or technical school, practically all his education, in whatever sphere, is provided by hired instructors. Men who follow a craft or trade learned from their father are becoming increasingly rare in the modern world; many would find it difficult to point to any important accomplishment, practical or cultural, which they owe directly to their parents, whose teaching they might in later years recall with loving gratitude.

When people marry, they must pay a fee to the State for a licence and to the clergyman who performs the ceremony. In sickness and helpless old age, people are ever less attended by their kinsmen, whose affection would lighten the heavy burden of such care, but by indifferent strangers who charge for their services. Finally, each is laid away by a hired undertaker, in a plot of ground for which a fee is charged.

Even on the farms, families are becoming increasingly dependent on services and products which they buy. With the mechanization of agricultural operations, there is less place for the children's help. Instead of ploughing and hauling with horses or oxen that he raised, the farmer uses a tractor which he bought. With mechanization comes specialization; where once it was the farmer's pride to grow nearly everything that he ate, now he often sells his single crop and buys his food just like any city-dweller.

Thus money progressively insinuates itself into every sphere of life, intruding between ourselves and all those who surround us. At every turn we are made aware of prices, until our whole existence becomes a sordid calculation of monetary values, of income and expenditure; and spontaneous helpfulness, in any important matter, becomes a luxury in which we

can scarcely afford to indulge. Having no longer a firm place in our modern societies, those attitudes and sentiments which grew up under the conditions of free co-operation in primitive communities are no longer fostered and strengthened. Since they were firmly implanted in the human mind by countless generations of a moneyless economy, they have not abruptly vanished; but like any structure or function of living things, they will slowly atrophy in circumstances which give little play to them.

We owe to our remote ancestors all those modes of feeling and behaviour which bind men together, making of a society an organic unity rather than a mechanical aggregation of self-seeking men; but our present social arrangements do nothing to augment this precious moral heritage. On the contrary, they are slowly but surely dissipating it, thereby undermining the innate foundations of any society to which a generous man would care to belong. In the absence of these ancestral sentiments, social living can be based only on an endless minute calculation of debits and credits—a situation so nauseating that a self-respecting person might prefer to dwell as a hermit in the wilderness.

Diverted from its original function of supporting the life of the community, our primitive impulse to help those around us finds certain minor outlets. The first of these is the exchange of gifts. In the more prosperous ranks of society, vast sums are spent on presents for weddings, anniversaries of all sorts and festive occasions of religious or national significance. While some of these gifts are of service to the recipients, a considerable share of them are neither useful nor beautiful; so that the traffic in these things greatly increases the waste of a society that is already inordinately wasteful. The obligation to give presents becomes for many, especially for those whose relatives and friends happen to be more prosperous than themselves, a heavy economic burden; and much calculation may be required to find the means to purchase all the gifts which are expected by one's circle of intimates in the course of a year. Far from easing life or diverting one's attention from monetary considerations, the practice of exchanging presents tends on the whole to make life more burdensome and to intensify our preoccupation with money.

The second substitute for free co-operation is almsgiving, in modern times miscalled charity. The bestowal of money or goods upon the indigent has often been regarded, especially in Mohammedan countries, as a means of purifying one's wealth—which seems to be a tacit admission that a large share of wealth is ill-gotten. Thereby we correct, in a pitiful manner, a small fraction of the ills for which our economic activities are responsible. Morally and spiritually, an ounce of free co-operation in a common endeav-

our is worth a ton of almsgiving. Moral relations are ideally reciprocal, involving the mutual efforts of intelligent beings to attain and preserve harmony with each other; whereas the dispensing of alms is a wholly one-sided relationship. We tend to view as equals those with whom we freely engage in a common endeavour, but as inferiors those who subsist on our bounty. Thus free co-operation increases that love and respect for our fellows which is an essential part of charity in the proper meaning of the word, while almsgiving makes a truly charitable attitude more difficult to preserve.

Not the least unfortunate of the effects of money is the perversion of values for which it is responsible. The habit of assessing in terms of a medium of exchange all the services that we perform or require, everything that we supply to others or procure for ourselves, inevitable under modern conditions of life, leads us to undervalue those goods on which it is hardly possible to set a price. Yet it is universally recognized by men of fine sensibilities that the highest and most enduring of all the values which we can experience fall into this class of things for which it is impossible to assign a pecuniary equivalent, and for this reason the ignorant and the vulgar can hardly avoid undervaluing them. The paper notes which today are everywhere the principal medium of exchange are mere tokens, and few of us take the trouble to learn whether those we are constantly receiving and spending are backed by an equivalent of gold or silver in the public treasury. In many countries they are not so supported. It is obvious that when one takes as his standard of value something which is intrinsically valueless, his sense of values will be profoundly distorted.

This perversion of values makes men easy dupes of unprincipled people whose only motive in serving their fellows is to fill their own pockets. We are offered all sorts of unnecessary, worthless or even harmful goods, and ingenious methods are employed to overcome our resistance and make us buy what we do not really desire or need. There is nothing so ugly or injurious, no deed so vile or disgraceful, that somebody will not offer to provide or perform it for a price. On the other hand, those who have contributed most to their fellows have often received no remuneration, or at most the pittance they needed to support life.

Thus money, which was apparently first coined by the Lydians, is one of those brilliant inventions, of which we have too many examples, which in the long run create more difficult problems than they solve. It facilitates industry and commerce on a large scale, but at the price of introducing a subtle poison into human relations. If it does not create, it at least exacerbates avarice, envy and pride; while it tends to destroy good will and

mutual helpfulness among men. A society without a medium of exchange must be held together by the loyalty, friendliness and free co-operation of its members; with such a medium, social living becomes an endless selfish calculation of profits and losses. It is understandable why so many planners of ideal commonwealths have kept them free of money. But only if its citizens had in large measure such qualities as mutual good will, co-operativeness, self-respect, loyalty and responsibility could a moneyless community continue to supply the needs of its members. It is doubtful whether any contemporary society, save possibly a few primitive tribes surviving in remote forests or mountain fastnesses, possesses these traits of character in adequate measure. And the longer we continue our present social arrangements, whereby we are slowly dissipating moral qualities that were developed in closely knit communities based on free co-operation, the less possible it becomes for a moneyless society, or any society, to hold together. This is the tragic predicament of contemporary civilization; and our best hope is that, before it is too late, there will arise one great enough to show us how to escape from it.

ALEXANDER F. SKUTCH

PHANTOMS OF THE SEVEN SEAS

[COLERIDGE drew on his imagination for the "spectre-bark" of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and her passenger, "Life-in-Death — who thicks man's blood with cold." But tales or legends of phantom ships long antedated Coleridge. There is nothing "supernatural" in a universe of law, but the cumulative evidence, some of it convincingly attested, which **Mr. E. R. Yarham** brings together in this article, challenges investigators of this supernormal phenomenon. H. P. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled* tells us that all things have their record upon the Astral Light, or the tablet of the unseen universe. Investigators will do well to consider the impingement of old impressions from that Astral Light, remembering that the laws which govern its working are not the same as those which govern our gross matter and three-dimensional plane.— ED.]

The ghost of what was once a ship
Is sailing up the bay. . .

AMONG apparitions the phantom ship will always hold the palm for fascination. It "doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange," and, although mere landlubbers may scoff, even in this mechanistic twentieth century there occur many things on the Seven Seas that cannot be judged by ordinary standards.

There is the story of strange happenings in the Bay of Casco, on which stands the city of Portland, Maine. In the days of sails a wooden ship, built in one of the yards on the shores of the bay, set off on the China run. The onlookers, wishing her Godspeed, watched the sails unfurl one by one, and then she vanished behind the wooded headland. Months passed, but she did not dock again in Maine. Then one misty evening in late autumn she drove into the harbour with stained and tattered sails, red port and green starboard lights aglow, and then sailed out again. She was reported to have been seen since from time to time.

Sceptics scorn the tale; yet, a few years back, some inexplicable things occurred which shook their superciliousness. One war-time afternoon in the half dark, the Coast Guard lookout, on a schooner patrolling the heavily mined and closely guarded bay, cried out in hasty alarm to the man at the wheel. The helmsman swung hard over and as the schooner bore away a full-rigged ship swished by and vanished into the mist. She was heading straight for the mine barrier. A shot was fired after her to draw attention to the danger and to call her to a halt. The crew of the Coast Guard schooner, getting no reply, waited for the roar of the explosion as she piled herself on to the mines. None came. The schooner reported what

had been seen and the port authorities demanded of radar why her presence had not been broadcast. The radar men said that their instruments had not detected anything.

At that moment a second patrol craft reported the mysterious intruder in a different position. Planes went up; flares were dropped; but the phantom vessel was not discovered. That same night a man in a motor-boat heard the creak of a line and looked up to see the "ghost of what was once a ship" glide towards the harbour. He even waved to her, so real did she seem to him. Also a naval ensign told how he had seen a full-rigged ship a few nights earlier and had sent tracer bullets after her. His ship scoured the bay; in fact the crews stood alert at the gun stations for a week, day and night; but she could not be found. That, in brief, is the story of the phantom ship of Maine which no twentieth-century scientific device is capable of detecting, but which, apparently, is evident to the senses of man.

Can such a ship exist? This is a question which, in the present state of knowledge, cannot definitely be answered.

It is difficult also to dismiss as mere delusion the many stories which have been handed down since 1647 of a phantom ship at New Haven, Connecticut. In January of that year a vessel had left the harbour and for five months no more was heard of her. She was long overdue and it was feared that she had been lost with all hands. At the end of that period, after a severe storm, she was sighted coming up the river. The news passed from mouth to mouth and the people of the port gathered excitedly to greet her as she docked. Soon comments began to pass. The vessel was sailing dead into the wind; no earthly ship could do that! Suddenly, to the onlookers' astonishment, even horror, the weird visitor slowly faded away and finally disappeared from view!

Another celebrated vanishing ghost ship is the one which haunts the waters off Cape d'Espoir, Quebec. Its story is recorded in the "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence." The ship appears once a year—to those who can see her—and the decks are crowded with men, while in the bows stands a man with a woman clinging to his arm. Then the lights die out and the vessel gradually sinks. The legend is that the spectre is the phantom of a British flagship that was sent to attack the French forts on Canada's eastern seaboard, but which went down with all hands.

Perhaps the most celebrated of all ghost ships is the so called "Flying Dutchman." The following is one of the most remarkable pieces of evidence regarding it, and it is particularly interesting as, indirectly, His Late Majesty, King George V of Great Britain, was concerned in the affair.

As a young Prince he accompanied his brother, the Duke of Clarence, on an extended voyage in "H.M.S. Bacchante," one of the largest ships in the English Royal Navy at the time, under the command of Lord Charles Scott.

In her log this astonishing incident, which occurred at about 4 a.m. on July 11th, 1881, is recorded in these exciting words:—

> The Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. . . . The lookout man on the forecastle reported her as close on the port bow . . . the night being clear and the sea calm. A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the mast, spars and sails of a brig 20 yards distant, stood up in strong relief. Thirteen persons altogether saw her. . . . The "Tourmaline" and the "Cleopatra" [the accompanying ships], which were on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light.

In his story of the "Flying Dutchman" the English author and great spinner of yarns, Captain Frederick Marryat, makes Cornelius Vanderdecken, a sea captain of Amsterdam on his way home from Batavia, meet contrary winds when trying to round the Cape of Good Hope. Day after day, week after week, his vessel fought in vain against the gales. In a passion Vanderdecken dropped on his knees and cursed God, swearing that he would weather the Cape if he had to "beat" it until the Day of Judgment. As a punishment for his impiety he was left to carry out his dreadful oath and so he sails the stormy seas in his spectral ship, east of Cape Agulhas, presumably until the last trumpet shall sound.

The Dutch story is different. In this the eternal wanderer's name is Falkenberg and his crime was the murder of his brother and his brother's wife. He ceaselessly endeavours to sail north in a ghostly barque, while two demons, his companions, play dice for his soul. The weird ship is nearly always met between latitudes 40 and 50 degrees south, and the steam age has not killed the tradition, for a year rarely passes without the apparition being sighted.

There is another story about the "Flying Dutchman" in the records of the English Royal Navy. In the eighteenth century the crew of a British warship mutinied, and in order to scare off any too inquisitive vessels they rigged out their ship to resemble the famous phantom of the South Atlantic. They had a second object, which was to terrify the crews of the ships they pursued, for they turned pirates. Unluckily for their plans the first craft they fell in with was the "Flying Dutchman"! Fearing the phantom was sent by the vengeance of God, they made all haste to port and gave themselves up to justice.

The "Flying Dutchman," it is said, hails every passing vessel, but no seaman would ever reply to it, for disaster would then inevitably ensue. The sighting of the ghost ship, in any case, bodes no good. The log of "H.M.S. Bacchante" contains the following significant report, entered a few hours after the apparition had been seen:—

> At 10.15 a.m. the ordinary seaman who this morning had reported the "Flying Dutchman" fell from the foretopmast cross-trees and was smashed to atoms. . . . At the next port the admiral also was smitten down.

Several ghost ships appear as portents, usually of bad luck. One, which terrorizes the fishermen of Chiloe Island, Chile, is known as the "Caleuche." The last time it was sighted was by fishermen returning from a nocturnal expedition. They were caught in bad weather off-shore, when suddenly the crew saw the ghostly craft scudding by. It was glowing luridly and the sails were outlined against a black sky. This phantom ship has been the *bête noire* of the fishermen from time immemorial and is a constant source of income to the wizards, or "*brujos*," of the island. They sell charms to protect the fishermen from the doom that follows the appearance of the craft.

Another vessel of evil portent is the famous junk of the Yangtze River of China. An English lady, Miss Joan Conquest, reported how she saw this a few years ago although she was not aware at the time of what its appearance presaged. A British and a Japanese gunboat were at anchor off the Bund at Bangkow, and they were lit up from stem to stern, the river being crowded with all sorts of native craft. Suddenly the observer saw an enormous pale-grey Chinese junk coming at tremendous speed from the sea. She was carrying full sail, and the wash from such a junk meant that the native sampans would all be swamped. The amazing thing, however, was that there was not a breath of air stirring, although her sails were billowing. She swept clean through the gunboats and their lights went out as she passed, to show again, one after the other, as she cleared the craft and vanished—leaving not a ripple.

When he heard of the incident, a Yangtze pilot said: "You saw the Yangtze ghost, the phantom of the famous mediæval pirate junk. It came from the China Sea, raiding and looting right up the river to Ichang. It means trouble for China—the country can't miss it." He was right, for sure enough, only a month later civil war broke out, drenching the countryside with blood, bringing death to many people and devastation to their homes.

A year or two back fishermen of the Chatham Islands, lonely outposts

lying some 400 miles south-east of New Zealand, were fearful of a phantom launch which appeared several times and whose coming seemed to forebode disaster. It has been seen over a period of several years. A short time after it was first seen a boat containing eleven fishermen foundered with all hands. Next, a fisherman who reported seeing the ghostly launch was carried overboard and drowned. The islanders look on the apparition with fear and apprehension, more especially as it seems to travel at high speed in thick fog or misty weather.

One of the most impressive reports of phantom ships in modern times came from Iceland in 1927. In April of that year a port official at Reykjavik, the capital, saw an Icelandic trawler enter the harbour. Sailing alongside it was a fishing cutter from Faroe Islands with two boats in tow, in one of them two men in oilskins, which anchored alongside five other Faroe cutters. The harbour pilot boarded the trawler and he and the crew of the pilot boat all declared they saw the cutter but no one was on board. It was marked with the letters of identification "F.D.," signifying Fuglefjord. The Port official, Kristjan Johasson, saw the cutter anchor and signalled the port doctor, requesting him to board her and carry out the usual examination. When the police boat with the doctor, an official and an engineer neared the spot, to their amazement the cutter was nowhere to be seen. Yet only fifteen minutes had elapsed between the time she was seen to anchor and the arrival of the police boat. In that short period she could not have got as far as the islands shielding the harbour or have hid behind them. Nobody could give any natural explanation of the occurrence. The vessel was declared to be a phantom.

Several ghost ships haunt the shores of Britain. On May 17th every year people look out from the cliffs fronting the English Channel close to Brighton, hoping to catch a glimpse of the phantom galley which legend says appears and sinks off the coast annually on that date. The story goes back many centuries. It says that to celebrate a Sussex battle between the great houses of the Lord of Pevensey and the Earl de Warenne, Lord of Lewes, Lady Pevensey made a vow, the fulfilment of which would keep her victorious husband's name alive. This was that her infant son should not marry until he had made a pilgrimage and laid the Belt of St. Nicholas on the tomb of the Virgin at Constantinople.

Twenty years later, when her son, Lord Manfred, came of age, he set sail from Brighton in the Nicholas Galley to fulfil his mother's vow. His ship was lost for a year, but was sighted again in the Channel off Brighton on the spring night of May 17th. Then, in full view of the horror-stricken crowd, gathered to welcome home the young heir, the ship was seen to

sink with all hands.

Equally well known in Scotland is the story of the spectral longships of the Solway Firth. In the days of the old Norse pirates, two Danish sea rovers, their longships laden with spoil from a foray, put into the firth for shelter. A furious squall swept in from the sea and sank the overladen ships with their crews. Ever since, on the anniversary of the happening the ghosts of these two vessels, high-prowed and with rows of shields lining their gunwales, glide silently up the Firth.

No fishermen would ever dare to hail the vessels or put out when they were about. But some years back two young men, half drunk, declared they would go out in a fishing boat and challenge the spectres. Spectators watched them row out, approach the longships and hail them. Instantly the fishing craft began to sink. It was relentlessly drawn down in a swirling eddy, its two occupants were never seen again.

Countless wrecks have occurred off the rock-bound coast of Cornwall, some brought about by the nefarious actions of wreckers who lured ships to their doom with false signals. One bay, known as Priest's Cove, is haunted by the ghost of one of these wrecker criminals. Now he is no longer on shore but is seen clinging to a spar in a desperate attempt to reach land; his efforts are unavailing and his agonized face is seen as he is swept to his death amid the pitiless breakers.

In another bay can be heard the clatter of falling spars, the booming of guns and all the racket of a naval engagement. Strangest of all, however, is the ghost ship of Porthcurno. It is as well able to sail on land as on sea! It is a black, square-rigged, single-masted vessel and sometimes it tows a small boat. No crew is ever seen. Another phantom barque is sometimes seen by men fishing out of Brixham. She presages a terrible storm and the fishermen, very reluctant to speak of her, will—if she is sighted—run for shelter.

Finally, there is a strange story of the last war, during which the English Admiralty formed a so-called "Small vessels pool." It was manned by volunteers who could be called upon at any moment to sail small craft around the coast of the British Islands. A small crew of such men, comprising an architect (master), dentist (engineer), barrister (deck hand), retired colonel (cook) and sanitary inspector (mate), were given the job of going north to pick up a small fishing vessel that had been on service off the Scottish coast and return it to its home port in England.

They took the vessel over, but after some miles the engine began to give trouble. The master decided to put the engine under repair in a tumble-down port about twenty miles from the nearest railway and half that

distance from a good road. The mate described the place as "a harbour master's office and a pub." More accurately, there were also a few cottages and a derelict factory, reminder of a lost hope for the port's future in days gone by. The approach to the harbour was safe and deep, and to the crew's astonishment they saw lying there a large steam yacht of at least 700 tons, seemingly in full and perfect commission. Her shape and rigging showed that she had been built towards the end of the last century. The hull appeared to have been recently painted, the brass was shining and the mahogany varnished. A faint shimmer over the raked funnel showed steam was up. All this was surprising because in austere Britain, at that time, it was just about impossible to get paint and fuel for anything, least of all for luxury yachts. There was no one on deck, but the incoming crew did not think there was anything peculiar about this till later. They rounded a bend in the channel, tied up, and the engineer got to work and the steam yacht was forgotten for the moment.

After a meal the mate stayed to give the engineer a hand while the skipper, cook and deck hand got into the dinghy and rowed back to have another look at the steam yacht. By this time it was quite dark and the moon was up. As the dinghy drew closer the occupants could hear a piano and two violins from the yacht, playing waltzes. Obviously a party was on. Again nobody was on deck, but they could see people moving about in the brightly lit deckhouse. Through one window they could see the silhouettes of a man and a girl. The dinghy circled the yacht three or four times, and the sound of conversation could be heard. Then the three rowed back to their own vessel.

The engineer had fixed the engine and the crew got ready to sail next morning. Before they went the cook landed to get some milk and, coming across the harbour master, got into conversation with him. He spoke to him about the yacht, and came back with an extraordinary story. The harbour master, had said there could not possibly have been a party. The yacht never had anybody on board, except that once a month a man went out to sound the bilges and empty out any water with hand pumps. He had been harbour master for fifteen years and the yacht had been there all that time. There had been some talk of the Royal Navy taking her over, but her engines were found to be too bad to warrant this. The mooring fees were regularly paid by some solicitors in London. As a matter of fact she had just been sold for breaking up and two tugs were coming after her.

The crew set off and after they had rounded the bend, the deck hand

and cook, who were washing up in the galley, were brought on deck by open-mouthed exclamations from master and mate. The engineer joined them, equally astonished, for the sight that met their eyes was incredibly different from that of the afternoon before. The yacht was a pitiful sight. Her filthy paintwork was peeling, and her woodwork was fouled by seagulls. The windows were covered with grime and the one where the three believed they had seen the couple was smashed. Through it fluttered the remains of once splendid curtains. The fishing vessel sailed on and its incredulous crew saw two big tugs heading in from the sea towards the harbour.

The five are still trying to find an explanation.

E. R. YARHAM

THE FEW elevated minds who interrogate nature instead of prescribing laws for her guidance; who do not limit her possibilities by the imperfections of their own powers; and who only disbelieve because they do not know, we would remind of that apothegm of Narada, the ancient Hindu philosopher:

"Never utter these words: 'I do not know this — therefore it is false.'"

"One must study to know, know to understand, understand to judge."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *Isis Unveiled*, I. 628

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

TEA PHILOSOPHY AND THE WESTERN WORLD*

IN THE FIRST DECADE of this century a Japanese professor in his forties became Curator of the Department of Chinese and Japanese Art in the Boston Museum. Okakura Kakuzo, a man of dramatic personality and passionate beliefs, had worked hard to save Japan's traditional art and culture when the sudden craze for Western fashions threatened them with destruction. Okakura had his balance right from the outset: as a student he had specialized in English and Chinese. The Western world was not there to be copied but rather to be educated in the ancient, spiritual philosophy from China that had brought so much beauty and harmony into the Oriental's daily life.

It was with the modest hope of presenting his cultural outlook to a small group of American friends already attuned that in 1906 Okakura wrote in fluent, expressive English *The Book of Tea*. It was read first to a gathering centred in the æsthetic "Queen of Boston," Mrs. Isabella Gardner, whose dwelling was a transferred Venetian palace (now a museum). "Teaism," he wrote — and read:—

> Teaism is a cult founded on the adoration of the beautiful among the sordid facts of everyday existence. It inculcates purity and harmony, the mystery of mutual charity, the romanticism of the social order. It is essentially a worship of the Imperfect, as it is a tender attempt to accomplish something possible in this impossible thing we know as life.... It represents the true spirit of Eastern democracy by making all its votaries aristocrats in taste.

Here at once is something that intrigues by its antitheses: a worship of the "Imperfect," a democracy that produces aristocrats. As Okakura continues his exposition it becomes clear that behind the ceremony of tea-drinking is a harmony that smooths out all contradictions, equates the little action with the great one, rejects — in the terms of Taoist philosophy — all fixed laws of ethics in favour of a constant readjustment wherein the art of life consists. "Truth can be reached only through the comprehension of Opposites." In this revelatory saying the tea philosophy derives from Zennism; but it has remarkable echoes in the Western explorative mind of modern times. For Coleridge it is imagination that reveals itself in the reconciliation of opposites; and imagination is the soul of poetic genius that infuses a spirit of unity into man. Okakura may not have studied Coleridge, but he found some of the lighter traits of Teaism in the humour of Thackeray and Charles Lamb.

Perhaps because, for all its exoteric basis, these Western analogies can be seen in it, *The Book of Tea* had a phenomenal success. The New World was, no doubt, a lucky planting ground; for America has long been partial to a degree of spiritual enlivenment, whether expressed in the nature-worship of Thoreau's *Walden* or in mass-revival-

---

* *The Book of Tea*. By OKAKURA KAKUZO. With a Foreword and Biographical Sketch by ELISE GRILLI. (Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, U.S.A. and Tokyo, Japan. xviii + 133 pp. 3rd Printing Tuttle Edition, 1958. Typography and book design by KAORO OGIMI. Frontispiece by SHIMOMURA KANZAN. With illustrations from the classic masterpieces of SESSHU. $2.50)

ism of the Billy Graham type. Or it could interest the less emotional and susceptible for its "quaintness," and the curious-minded for its practical information on the tea cult. This latter has lost none of its freshness and is irresistible:—

> Like Art, Tea has its periods and its schools. Its evolution may be roughly divided into three main stages: the Boiled Tea, the Whipped Tea, and the Steeped Tea.

All came, of course, from China. The Cake Tea which was boiled, together with spices, milk and even onions, belongs to the early T'ang dynasty. In the Sung dynasty the leaves were ground to powder and whipped in hot water by a bamboo whisk. The Ming dynasty, having forgotten these earlier methods through an interval of barbarism, favoured the steeped tea that we drink now, and that Japan adopted for its ceremony in the tea-room "at which the host and guest joined to produce ... the utmost beatitude of the mundane."

In the tea-room, austere to barrenness by the Western standards prevailing in Okakura's day, the tea-master seeks to produce a sense of serenity and purity. The light is subdued, the tints are sober, the room itself is an ephemeral structure, a temporary refuge for the body, as the body, in Zen and Buddhist teaching, is a temporary refuge for the spirit. Its decoration avoids symmetry and repetition in objects or designs; a single object, such as a lone lily in a hanging vase, may be enough for contemplation. At the next visit all is altered; the tea-master stimulates the senses with a different poem.

Translated into language after language, *The Book of Tea* has now come to us again in dainty format with Japanese, 15th-century illustrations. Its author died when Europe's peace was dying, in 1913. How has this delicate plant stood up to the gales of our turbulent half-century?

In some ways there has been a lessening of the East-West cleavage. Æsthetically, we, on our side, have learnt much from the bare simplicity of Japan and China; our ideas of decoration have fled far enough from the old Victorian clutter to share in Okakura's horror of it. We have, too, I think, more understanding of an approximation to the tea cult, though we are far from practising it. We have better translations and more expositions of the Taoist and Zen philosophies, and are more familiar — in theory, that is — with an "art of life."

Yet Okakura's fiery hatred of the scientific is remote from the outlook that has been almost forced on us in this era of huge and hurried discoveries that affect our immediate life and prospect of survival. To turn our backs on science, however beautiful the spiritual prospect, would be dangerous. Even the East cannot meditate in isolation, or live by flowers and Teaism alone. It is a gritty factor for our generation that the ideal gesture and the common-sense action have diverged so much. Some of the flower-love and the tea-room pleasures may look, to our seared eyes, like escapism.

All in all, rejecting where we must, we can still welcome the pervading peace and beauty of the tea philosophy. We need this serenity and understanding more than ever before, to hold in check our loud utilitarianism and to quell our nagging fear of the destructive future, not by running away but by accepting it. Teaism counsels this. "Destruction faces us wherever we turn. . . . Change is the only Eternal, — why not welcome Death as Life?" The great tea-masters, Okakura tells us, kept their exquisite refinement even as they entered the unknown; for "He only who has lived with the beautiful can die beautifully." With horror and ugliness abounding, it is for us to seek out the beautiful and live with it.

SYLVA NORMAN

Ten Jātaka Stories, each Illustrating one of the Ten Pāramitā with Pali Text. Introduction and English Translation by I. B. Horner. Frontispiece by E. P. Quigly. (Luzac, Ltd., London. xxiii + 93 pp. 1957. 25*s*.)

This will be a useful but rather expensive Pali reader for students, though like Andersen's *Reader* it consists mainly of *Jātaka* prose (*i.e.*, *Aṭṭhakathā*, "Commentary"): interesting in its own right but remote in style from Canonical Pali. An English translation is printed opposite each page of text and there are a few notes. There is no glossary, it being intended that the Pali Text Society's dictionary should be used from the outset.

These ten Jātakas are in themselves interesting, and well chosen to illustrate the *Pāramitās* or "Perfections" of the Bodhisatta (except perhaps for *nekkhamma*) and to give a brief sketch of Buddhist doctrine. They show also the relationship between the *Jātaka* tradition and the ancient Buddhist Canon, for example some similes occurring in the *Majjhima Nikāya* and elsewhere are elaborated by stories in the *Jātaka* (*e.g.*, *maṃsapesa*, the piece of meat, in the second selection).

The *Jātaka* tradition is continuous with the main body of canonical texts and generally consistent with it. Miss Horner's selection is intended in part to illustrate her thesis (see p. xxiii) of the (philosophical) "consistency and coalescence" which predominate in the Pali Canon with its Commentaries. (We may remind students that the verses in the *Jātaka* are ancient and canonical, whilst the prose is the end product of a tradition fluid for many centuries, and regarded as a "commentary" on the verses: the stories here selected, being predominantly in prose, thus represent more or less authentic commentary on doctrines expressed in, or believed to be inherent in, the Pali Canon.)

The text is based on Fausböll's edition, but sometimes prefers a variant reading or emends in the light of more recent scholarship. The translation is very literal (as opposed in particular to the complete *Jātaka* translation edited by Cowell). Sometimes the versions are a little awkward or obscure, as "relinking" for *paṭisandhi*, the assembling of the constituent elements of a person at rebirth; *cf*. Sanskrit *pañcatva* for the complementary separation of the elements in death. "Skilled" for *kusala* (for which the most natural equivalent is "good") is awkward, though it attempts to convey the unemotional, detached quality of Buddhist ethical analysis. We are accustomed in Miss Horner's numerous translations to the absolute fidelity she intends to the Pali, at whatever cost (in inexpressiveness) to her English. Such faithful translators are rare: most are either readable but inaccurate or unreadable and inaccurate. Miss Horner's sometimes strained English is, moreover, compensated for by the feeling which the reader enjoys of being firmly held to the original, stepping in its devious tracks rather than taking an easier but duller route.

It is agreeable to have a reader pervaded by the warmth, congeniality and wide background of a scholar thoroughly sympathetic and responsive to the texts chosen and to the literature they represent. Those interested in Indian civilization now have a pleasurable aid to acquiring that modicum of Pali without which it is very difficult to find out what Buddhism really teaches. Miss Horner insists on the "precision" of the Pali language, a most important point, with which we may challenge the miserable vagueness of so much modern writing which claims relationship with Buddhism.

The Introduction contains helpful notes on Pali idiom and on the *Pāramitās*, and the footnotes likewise may

tempt the student to enquire further. Miss Horner avoids dogmatic decisions on interpretation when the meaning of the text is uncertain, and brings the enquirer in contact with Pali, not as a closed and dry discipline but as a living and growing study.

A. K. WARDER

The Zen Teaching of Huang Po: On the Transmission of Mind. Being the Teachings of the Zen Master Huang Po as recorded by the scholar P'ei Hsiu of the T'ang Dynasty. Rendered into English by JOHN BLOFELD (Chu Ch'an). A complete translation of the *Huang Po Chu'an Hsiu Fa Yao,* including the previously unpublished *Wan Ling Record* containing dialogues, sermons and anecdotes. (Rider and Company, London. 136 pp. 1958. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

This delightful book contains a complete and very intelligible translation of a ninth-century Chinese Buddhist text consisting of two Records of the teaching of the Zen Master Huang Po. Named after the places, Chün Chou and Wan Ling, where he taught, these Records were published by the scholar-official P'ei Hsiu for fear lest, as he says in his Preface, "these vital and penetrating teachings [should] be lost to future generations."

The translation of the first Record differs slightly, so Mr. Blofeld says, from one he published several years ago, and he now substitutes "the One Mind" for "Universal Mind." In this Record Huang Po repeatedly adjures his listeners — "students of the Way" as he rather chidingly calls them — to avoid all conceptual thought since it obstructs the apprehension of non-dualistic Reality, a theme central to his teaching. Better it is

> to achieve sudden self-realization and to grasp the fundamental Dharma. This Dharma is Mind, beyond which there is no Dharma; and this Mind is the Dharma, beyond which there is no mind.

The very interesting second Record, here translated for the first time, carries on by means of dialogues, sermons and anecdotes the teaching that Huang Po, perhaps speaking, as Blofeld suggests in his excellent Introduction, from some deep inner experience, felt so forcibly provided the sole way of access to this One Mind or Mind. Though rather reluctant to use these words to symbolize the inexpressible Reality, he yet had to decide on something for the sake of his pupils whom he tried, sometimes giving them practical advice, to wean from their dualistic conceptions of good and evil, existence and non-existence, and so forth. For these belong to the realm of mere knowledge and not to Wisdom. There is no doubt that some measure of Huang Po's contribution lies in his restatement to his own generation of the Buddha's Teaching. With the *Diamond Sūtra*, the *Sūtra of Wei Lang* and the *Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation* it is to be ranked, as Blofeld says, "among the most brilliant expositions of the highest Wisdom which have so far appeared in our language."

I. B. HORNER

Ta T'ung Shu: The One-World Philosophy of K'ang Yu-wei. Translated from the Chinese with an Introduction and Notes by LAURENCE G. THOMPSON. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 300 pp. 1958. 35*s.*)

K'ang Yu-wei (1858-1927) is best known as the leader of the abortive at-

tempt at constitutional reform in 1898 under the ill-fated Emperor Kuang-Hsü. In this period he was a progressive thinker, having acquired a superficial knowledge of Western learning, which he attempted to cloak under his own brand of Confucianism. He belonged to what is known as the "new text school" of Confucian learning, which looked upon Confucius as an uncrowned king who "advocated reforms under the disguise of returning to antiquity." But after the fall of the Ch'ing Dynasty, K'ang became more and more conservative, going back on everything that he had advocated in his earlier period, except the reverence for Confucius, but this is simply because he was always able to interpret Confucius in such a way as to support ideas he happened to hold.

The *Ta T'ung Shu* belonged to the earlier phase of his thought when he believed in radical reforms in order to achieve his Utopia. This involves the abolition of the barriers of state, race, sex, family and property, amongst other things. The book is a filling out of these ideas by tedious catalogues of historical examples and fantastic solutions to difficult problems. As a book, it is of little interest to anyone who is not concerned with the history of that particular period, and, more precisely, with that particular period of K'ang's thought, because, as has been pointed out, he repudiated most of the views in this book in his later life. It is, therefore, surprising that anyone should have chosen to translate the *Ta T'ung Shu* into English. The present version is, however, hardly a translation in the ordinary sense of the word. Most sections of the book have been summarized. This in a way is an advantage, as it renders the work much less tedious to read. The translator has also added an introduction, in which he gives a short biographical account of K'ang together with a discussion of the work and its contents.

D. C. Lau

Raghupati Raghava (*Truth Is God*). By Mahatma Gandhi; translated into Tamil by Rajaji. (Tamilnad Gandhi Memorial Fund, Madura. 194 pp. 1958. 75 *naye paise*)

Rajaji has been performing in recent years a number of self-imposed duties to his countrymen and the world which normally no single individual can undertake, or even if one undertakes them, can ever hope to accomplish with satisfaction. Among the incredibly varied and long list of his activities demanding intellectual labour at its best is the work of rendering into Tamil epics and other intrinsically valuable books. One such is his translation of Mahatmaji's *Truth Is God* — a collection of some of the intimate and vital ideas on religion and life which Gandhiji cherished and propagated.

"God is Truth," Gandhiji changed into the more fundamental concept, born of his own experience, of "Truth is God." *Truth Is God* contains invaluable material which philosophers, thinkers and world reformers can dwell upon with immense profit. There is nothing in it also which is not traceable to Gandhiji's special attention to and cogitation over the consequences that follow some of life's conflicts when conscience and truth have to be faced boldly. There is much that definitely can endure long in his thoughts upon *Ahimsa*, religious tolerance, Christian missionaries, meditation, silence, social service, books, idol-worship, love and Spiritualism.

Rajaji originally began publishing the translations serially in one of the Tamil weeklies. It is a splendid idea of the Gandhi Memorial Fund of Tamil-Nad to have availed themselves of

Rajaji's own choice, "*Raghupati Raghava*" — the first line of a favourite song which transported Gandhiji's soul always amidst his innumerable activities. The economy and restraint of language characteristic of Rajaji's spell as a writer, are visible in an abundant measure in this translation.

The price of the book has put a veritable gold mine within the easy reach of one and all.

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

Darshan ane Chintan: Parts I and II. (Gujarati.) By PANDIT SUKHLALJI. (Pandit Sukhlalji Sanman Samiti, Gujarat Vidya Sabha, Bhadra, Ahmedabad. 1498 pp. 1957. Rs. 14.00)

These volumes contain articles by Pandit Sukhlalji, an embodiment of the conquest of the human spirit over nature. They deal with different aspects of philosophy and meditation. Sukhlalji is a Jain philosopher but absolutely free from dogmatism and sectarianism. Assimilating all that is best in the various schools of Indian philosophy, Sukhlalji is a progressive thinker and his polestar is Truth. Knowledge is to him one; it brooks no divisions and tolerates no barriers, religious, social or political.

To Sukhlalji, the aim of all knowledge should be to cultivate the mind and to develop an integrated personality, so that harmony may be achieved between the individual and society. Knowledge and action must, therefore be correlated. Then only would the circuit be complete.

An unbiased and strictly logical mind, genuine humility and maturity of judgment, characteristics which the author brings to his incessant search for truth, are fully revealed in these books. Sukhlalji is neither a bigot nor an iconoclast. He never lapses into understatement or overstatement. He marshals his facts not with a view to justifying a preconceived idea, but to arrive at the truth, however unpalatable and contrary to traditional notions it might sometimes turn out to be.

Sukhlalji has had to suffer for all this, but it has not disturbed his equanimity. And his reward lies in the fact that, except by some orthodox diehards, Sukhlalji's views are held in the highest esteem by scholars and the intelligentsia, not only of Gujarat but also of the country as a whole.

The books are a distinct contribution to the philosophical, religious, educational and social thought of Gujarat.

MANSUKHLAL JHAVERI

Kierkegaard: Johannes Climacus or, "De Omnibus Dubitandum est" and a Sermon. Translated, with an Assessment by T. H. CROXALL. (Library of Modern Religious Thought, Adam and Charles Black, London. 196 pp. 1958. 15*s*.)

Here is a notable addition to the Blacks' Library of Modern Religious Thought. The influence of Kierkegaard is so great, whether in the Barth-Dialectic stream or in the Heidegger-Existentialist, as to make it surprising that this early and seminal writing has not previously been made known to a wider world in an English translation. Indeed, it seems to have escaped general notice that there was any writing before the *Either/Or* of 1842.

The careful and well-annotated translation of the work with which Kierkegaard — under one of his many *noms de plume* — began his attack on the Hegelian "establishment" fully justifies the translator's claim that here we have "in seminal form the basic

themes of much of Kierkegaard's later published work." Published in 1842, before the writer was thirty, it reveals the deep perceptiveness and wide range of vision which were to characterize the later, and better known, writings.

It was a happy thought to include with the attack on the "Doubt everything" philosophies a further early work, a sermon on *I Corinthians* 2: 6-9 which exemplifies the more personalist and religious aspect of Kierkegaard's mind.

The translations are prefaced by a quite remarkable assessment written by Dr. Croxall, which provides a most valuable introduction to the life, work and thought of the great Danish philosopher-theologian. Dr. Croxall has provided a well-nigh indispensable book to students of Kierkegaard.

MARCUS WARD

Concerning Human Understanding: Essays on the Common-sense Background of Philosophy. By NIKUNJA VIHARI BANERJEE. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 333 pp. 1958. 30*s*.)

In an old story, some learned Buddhist monks debated solemnly for years how to get a goose out of a bottle. One day a wise young monk came along and told them, "Brothers, isn't it time you realized that there is no goose in the bottle?"

Professor Banerjee, dealing as thoroughly as he does with conflicting theories of sense-perception, and the battle between what might roughly be termed the Idealists and the Realists, does not entirely escape the young monk's gentle stricture. He is, however, much too able and honest a philosopher not to admit that theoretical considerations are far from being the whole business of philosophy. Ultimately, all philosophy must justify itself by being applicable to the practical problems of human life.

In dealing with the problem of men and religion, he puts forward the ancient Eastern view that the elimination of ego-consciousness is the paramount spiritual demand:—

> Judged in this light, what ordinarily passes for religion is hardly worth the name, because much of it is atrociously ego-centric. Prayer, worship and rites calculated to fulfil the demand of religion are more often than not but means of preserving the desires and cravings of "flesh and blood" undiminished.

He argues that while the elimination of ego-consciousness is necessarily a process of negation, it is also a process of affirmation by rebirth. Enlightenment, the great event in the life of man, has no mystery and nothing unearthly about it. He considers that all that is good and wholesome in the world of human affairs owes its origin to the joy of living (*ānandam*), and that without this the little world of man is a gigantic vortex of misery and suffering.

In his chapter "Religion in Travail," Christian complacency comes in for a hard knock. Because of its distortion by an Imperialism that began in ancient Rome, he thinks that religion in the West is largely formalistic and legalistic in outlook. He concludes with a strong plea against the institutionalization of religion, because institutions sacrifice love and kindness on the altar of Power and Law, thereby undermining all that is human in man.

We hope that this excellent book will gain the wide attention of the thoughtful that it merits.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

From Whence Came You. A Tale of the Early Beginning of Freemasonry. By MORTON DEUTSCH. (Philosophical Library, New York. 248 pp. 1958. $4.75)

This is a very interesting account of research into the origins of Freemasonry and its history through various vicissitudes in the course of the last millennium. Under the author's enthusiastic lead the reader is able to obtain glimpses of the Holy Land, of the putative site of the Temple of Solomon and the founding of the Order of the Holy St. John of Jerusalem, its sufferings during the Crusades, its subsequently taking refuge on the Islands of Cyprus and Rhodes and spreading into Britain, Germany and France in the Middle Ages, reaching the peak of its glory at the dawn of the modern Age.

The persecution and martyrdom of Jacques de Molay and his fellow Knights; the ascendency of the Craft under the Stuart sovereigns; the part played by the great Masters, Francis Bacon and Inigo Jones, the architect *par excellence*, and the subsequent developments are all dealt with in a dramatic narrative of poignant interest. The chief merit of the work is the restoration to his legitimate place of prominence, as one of the great ones of Freemasonry, of Inigo Jones, whose illuminated manuscript containing the Masonic charges comes in for close study. The early monopoly of the Craft by Operative Masons gets modified gradually by the inclusion of Speculative Masons in hundreds of little-known private Lodges. The Craft is the backbone of the spiritual emancipation of the modern sage of free thought and worship. Having passed through severe persecution during the later Middle Ages at the hands of the Catholic Church, Freemasonry has arisen like the fabled Phœnix into a new era of prosperity and is serving as the backbone of enlightened religion and the greatest lever of moral progress of humanity, of charity and brotherhood in the modern world.

D. GURUMURTI

Humour in Early Islam. By FRANZ ROSENTHAL. (University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia; Oxford University Press, Bombay. 154 pp. Illustrated. 1956. $5.00)

This is a work by a distinguished Orientalist, and is the result of very laborious research. The title of the work, however, is not happily worded. "Humour in Early Islam" may raise the hope that the writer proposes to depict the humour that he finds in the doctrines and teaching of Islam as propagated in the early phase of its history. But that is not what has been attempted. In fact, humour is never a function of religion, Islam or any other, early or late. Humour is to be sought in the psychology and behaviour of individuals and in the social atmosphere of a people or society which lends occasion for it, or facilitates its expression. Simply because the people concerned here were those who professed Islam, the humour that might be characteristic of certain individuals among them is not to be attributed to their religion. What the author actually has attempted is the delineation of the nature of the humour that was in vogue among some of the Arabs in mediæval times. The book therefore could easily have been styled as "Humour in Mediæval Arab Society" or, better still, "A Phase of Mediæval Arab Humour."

The work is divided into four chapters. The first is entitled "Materials for the Study of Muslim Humour." The second deals with the so-called historical personality of Ash'ab whose specimens of

humour in English translation form the text of the volume. The third chapter is entitled "The Ash'ab legend." The chapters are rounded off by a note entitled "Conclusion." The volume contains an appendix on "Laughter," a select bibliography and two indexes — one, of selected rare or explained Arabic words, the other, of proper names.

The chapter on materials is of particular importance. It covers a fairly wide ground and should be of special value to advanced students of mediæval Arabic literature. The author, on the strength of his research in this field, could easily have selected varied specimens of humour from the diverse material referred to by him. Instead, he has selected for illustration the humour of just one individual, a more or less legendary figure, called Ash'ab, the jester, who, as the author himself admits, was "a convenient peg to hang all kinds of jokes on." The achievements of this jester have been collected by the author from various sources—*Kitāb al-Aghāni, Bayān* of Jāhiz, *'Uyūn* of Ibn Qutaybah, *'Iqd* of Ibn 'Abdrabbih, *Zahr* and *Jam'* of Husri,—Ta'rīkh *Baghdād, Ta'rīkh-Dimashq* and others. The selections are mostly drab and commonplace, and are not of a texture to reflect the historic development of Islamic society, as the author states they do. One cannot build history merely on the phantasies of a jester.

The work is profusely docketed, reflecting intense research worthy of a better cause or of higher purposes in literature.

SYED ABDUL LATIF

The Theory of Conscious Harmony: From the Letters of RODNEY COLLIN. (Vincent Stuart, London, xii+212 pp. 1958. 25*s*.)

Rodney Collin was a devoted follower of the Russian philosopher, P. D. Ouspensky, from 1936 until 1947 and this book has been compiled out of a number of extracts taken from his letters to his friends about Ouspensky's teaching. He relates how Ouspensky returned in the spring of 1947 to England, a very sick, if not a dying, man. Rodney Collin saw a great deal of his teacher during the last few months of his life. He recounts how it appeared to many people at first that Ouspensky was abandoning the particular form of teaching he had been giving to his followers for so many years but how, shortly before his death in October 1947, he explained what he really required of his pupils. "Now you must reconstruct *everything*, from the very beginning," he said to them. This was a highly characteristic stratagem of Ouspensky's and one that was probably needed at that time. Ouspensky had often complained previously that his followers accepted everything he taught them blindly and without criticism and it was thought and understanding and not *faith* which was required of them. This order, that they should reconstruct everything he had taught them for themselves, threw them back on their own resources and provided an excellent test of their understanding.

Ouspensky's death shortly afterwards greatly affected Rodney Collin and he felt a strong obligation to give back to others what he had been receiving all these years from his teacher. In June 1948 he left New York with a small party for Mexico, with the intention of starting a new group there which would put into practice the system of ideas which he had received from Gurdjieff through the agency of Ouspensky. His Mexican adventure succeeded. He not only wrote in Mexico his book *The Theory of Eternal Life*, but also passed on to many others, both Mexicans and British, the teaching which had proved of such immense value to himself.

Before he died he had the satisfaction of knowing that his debt to his teacher had been paid.

By profession, Rodney Collin was a writer and in his letters, of which he fortunately kept copies, we find a masterly exposition of many of the ideas he had received from Ouspensky. The extracts have been well chosen and have been grouped round the leading ideas of Gurdjieff's system, so that they provide commentaries on this teaching, somewhat similar in character to those which have been written by Dr. Maurice Nicoll. *The Theory of Conscious Harmony* is a useful addition to the growing number of books now being published on the subject of Gurdjieff's teaching.

KENNETH WALKER

Eight Great Comedies. Edited by SYLVAN BARNET, *et al.* (A Mentor Book. The New American Library of World Literature, Inc., New York. 469 pp. 1958. 50 cents)

The "eight great comedies" here brought together are *The Clouds* of Aristophanes, Machiavelli's *Mandragola,* Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night,* Molière's *The Miser,* Gay's *The Beggar's Opera,* Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest,* Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya,* and Shaw's *Arms and the Man.* It would be possible, no doubt, to present an entirely different set of "eight great comedies" without affecting the appropriateness of the title, but the present collection is both distinguished and representative enough and certainly good value for the money.

Comedy as an art form is supposed to be inferior to tragedy, yet the dividing line between the two could be very tenuous indeed. Tragedy could deviate towards melodrama and farce, and comedy likewise could scale the heights of "great comedy" like *Le Misanthrope* or "divine comedy" like *Sakuntala,* or almost graze (like *Uncle Vanya*) the fringes of pure tragedy.

"Comedy" is a loose term promiscuously applied to farce, plays of intrigue, skits on manners, essays in satire and poems of disillusionment. What is the unifying factor of all these varieties of comic drama? Feibleman in his *In Praise of Comedy* says that the aim of comedy is invariably the indirect presentation of the ideal logical order by derogation of limited orders of actuality. Imperfection is presented so that perfection may be indirectly inferred, folly is shown so that wisdom may be seen in oblique reflection, vice is exhibited so that virtue may reveal itself on the other side of the arc. It may be said that comedy is the weapon society wields to laugh eccentricity, abnormality, absurdity and even originality out of court. If the fool, the coward, the rake, the boaster and the self-deceiver receive the lash of the comic dramatist, so does the superlatively wise Socrates in *The Clouds.* The entertainment value of a comedy is certainly important: but "thoughtful laughter" is better than the loud laugh that bespeaks the vacant mind or the grin that speaks the language of cynicism.

The theme of *Mandragola* is seduction, but if a husband be so foolish as Messer Nicia, how can he be made safe against deception? He is betrayed, neither by his wife nor by the gallant, but by what is false within himself. The gulling of Malvolio too is rendered possible only by his own conceit. The comedy of *The Miser* is subtler, for Harpagon is miserliness incarnate, while *The Beggar's Opera* is a richer, more human and more diffused comedy. Wilde's play is superb entertainment, which is the result of the clash of ex-

pertly contrived characters and situations. Chekhov's Professor is a figure of fun, but how about Sonia and Uncle Vanya? Don't we hear in Sonia's speech at the end of the play,

> The still sad music of humanity,
> Not harsh nor grating, though
> of ample power
> To chasten and subdue?

With Shaw we return somewhat to the satiric intention of Aristophanes, though it is served up with a significant Shavian difference.

A feast of comedy, certainly, and the introductions to the several plays and the critical essays by G. K. Chesterton, Susan K. Langer and Northrop Frye on different aspects of comedy help us to relish the feast all the more.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

The Upanishads and Modern Biology. By K. A. Patwardhan. (Popular Book Depot, Bombay. 139 pp. 1957. Rs. 4.50)

This book is a summary in English of the author's more extensive research work in Hindi. The main contention is that the basic knowledge of modern biology was available to the authors of the Upanishads, and that by diligent study it will be possible to show their deep insight into the relevant truths of heredity and eugenics, thousands of years before the modern era. As Principal Jack very aptly remarks in the Foreword, Professor Patwardhan

> has by no means proved his point . . . he has resorted, rather too often, to adjusting the meaning of an obscure passage to fit what he knows is the biologists' idea. . . .

That there are still unplumbed depths of meaning, levels of insight deeper than those available to modern knowledge, buried in Vedic literature is an admitted fact. But it is quite a different thing to say that the germ plasm, genes, chromosomes and other minutiæ of modern biological science were familiar to the sages of the Upanishads.

The elaborate attempt made by the author to show that the Puranic and later Vedantic conception of reincarnation, with its notion of a transmigrating *sūkshma-śarīra,* is not substantiated by the Upanishads is unconvincing. Juggling with ancient texts is a time-worn pastime and all too familiar in this country.

An unbiased investigation in the interests of pure research is the main motive of Professor Patwardhan's work, and as such a pioneer effort the book is praiseworthy.

D. Gurumurti

Cosmic Symphony: A Sceptic, a Scientist and a Philosopher discuss the mysterious Cosmic Temple and its equally mysterious occupant—reasoning and behaving Man. By Henry R. Vanderbyll. (Philosophical Library, Inc., New York. 54 pp. 1958. $2.75)

Cosmic Symphony is an attempt to blend the best of modern men's sceptical, scientific and philosophical views of Existence. It is beautifully presented as a poetic drama; and both its flowing poetry and its thoughtful content make it rewarding reading. The philosopher softens and modifies the views of both the sceptic and the scientist; but inevitably, without the sure foundation of the metaphysics of all the greatest thinkers from immemorial time, he cannot illumine the moral and intellectual problems that confront the mankind of any era, modern or ancient, with a positive, convincing, self-evident philosophy.

E.P.T.

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes this month of a curious subject and an attractive character. Not common is one who has the powers of healing, but more common, nevertheless, than modern opinion is willing to believe. H. P. Blavatsky explained that, like everything else, disease grows from within outwards, and so its cure :

"Half, if not two-thirds of our ailings and diseases are the fruit of our imagination and fears. Destroy the latter and give another bent to the former, and nature will do the rest....[Faith-healing methods] turn to harm only when belief in his power becomes too arrogant and marked in the faith-healer, and when he thinks he can *will* away such diseases as need, if they are not to be fatal, the immediate help of expert surgeons and physicians."—ED.]

RECENTLY I came across a young man from Ceylon who has trodden the Bhikkhu's path for fourteen years. Dhirananda, with gentle, fawn-like eyes, has been helping to reform delinquent children. This has brought him to London, where, on his Government's behalf, he is studying British methods and techniques. Dhirananda, who cares little what we call him, claims to possess healing powers. He would prefer the word "gift" to "powers," as he holds he is simply an instrument in the hands of the Divine. This young man has little use for people who would commercialize such a talent. For his part he is certain these gifts are bestowed on man to serve mankind. They are never to be used for personal profit. Or else one forfeits the privilege of using them. When I asked him how he would eke out a living were he to establish himself as a healer, he said he would teach Pali or his mother tongue, Singhalese.

I have had some experience so far of Dhirananda's skill. A friend of mine, a doctor from India, has been lying ill in a London hospital. The best specialists were certain this cancer patient had only a few days to live. Dhirananda was convinced he could help save the patient. He began by restoring the sick man's faith and hope. Soon he gave him a copy of the *Dhammapada* to read. It would seem that some remarkable change had taken place; for my friend began to be much more cheerful and his disease took a turn for the better. At the present time there is not the slightest doubt in the mind of the patient that he will recover and quit the hospital, if he so desires, in a few weeks' time. I am inclined to share Dhirananda's optimism and greatly welcome the prospect of seeing my friend restored to health again.

I took Dhirananda to meet Shri Jai Prakash Narayan, who has been suffering from muscular pains for as long as he can remember. Dhirananda gave him a sitting and will see him again twice before J. P. leaves for Rome. After he has ministered to a patient, it is Dhirananda's practice to wash his hands. Were he not to do so, he thinks, the pain he seeks to eradicate would be transferred to him. For a healer has to pay for his gift; he cannot heal himself.

It turned out to be a healers' day, for I had asked the de la Warrs to be present. To de la Warr, Dhirananda was a kindred soul seeking to do the same thing in a different way. East met West, with an attempt to spiritualize technology on the one hand and the complete absence of any instrument or mechanism on the other. The de la Warrs had come especially from Oxford and had brought their apparatus along. We were greatly impressed by the fact that the positive thought

radiations helped to diagnose, entirely to J. P.'s satisfaction, the cause of the trouble.

BALDOON DHINGRA

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, September 1.

FOR the Anglican Christians the report of the Lambeth Conference, 1958, is a powerful and sensible statement. Since decisions of these conferences have no binding constitutional authority, their value is mainly for showing progress made in the ideas between conferences, which are held once in ten years. As such the report has a great and subtle influence on Christians all over the world.

The part of the report which has attracted wide publicity deals with the question of family planning. The report, laying aside oblique or prudish terms, boldly states the purpose of physical union in the following terms:—

> Sexual intercourse is not by any means the only language of earthly love, but it is, in its full and right use, the most intimate and the most revealing; ... it is a giving and receiving in the unity of two free spirits which is in itself good (within the marriage bond) and mediates good to those who share it. Therefore it is utterly wrong to urge that, unless children are specifically desired, sexual intercourse is of the nature of sin.

This is an attitude different both from the Puritan and from the Roman Catholic attitudes.

The Conference believes

> that the responsibility for deciding upon the number and frequency of children has been laid by God upon the consciences of parents everywhere: that this planning, in such ways as are mutually acceptable to husband and wife in Christian conscience, is a right and important factor in Christian family life and should be the result of positive choice before God. Such responsible parenthood, built on obedience to all the duties of marriage, requires a wise stewardship of the resources and abilities of the family as well as a thoughtful consideration of the varying population needs and problems of society and the claims of future generations.

This is a definite encouragement to judicious birth control although not all forms of birth control or prevention of birth are acceptable to the Conference. In arriving at this decision the growing populations in India and Eastern Asia were particularly kept in mind.

The committee dealing with family life accepted individual sterilization when it is an imperative medical necessity but opposed it as a general means for population control. It also opposed acceptance of artificial insemination other than with the husband as donor.

There was a division of opinion in the Conference about the use of nuclear weapons. Not all were willing to go so far as to consider the use of nuclear weapons immoral in any circumstances. The Conference also gave warning against the Christian Church being identified with any particular political or social system. This danger is particularly great in new and emerging nations of Asia and Africa.

The Conference condemned the injustices perpetrated against the non-Whites under the policy of *apartheid* in South Africa. It also suggested a modification of the Australian policy of banning non-White immigrants. Lastly, it urged upon the British Government to do nothing in Africa which would give added advantage to White settlers over the Africans.

One of the "Big Five," the Midland Bank, introduced a scheme for easy personal loans up to £ 500. The other

banks followed suit within a few days. The big stores were not slow to see the implied threat to their hire-purchase trade. So a number of them announced a substantial reduction in the rate of interest charged for goods purchased on "the hire-purchase" system.

This new element in public spending can have far-reaching consequences for the trade in Britain. It is recognized that the net result of these new moves will be to create a demand for consumer goods of expensive types, such as cars, television sets, furniture and washing machines. This will inevitably result in mopping up the surplus production of these goods. Also, cheaper buying being more popular, a slightly inflationary tendency may set in which will react against the present moderate recession and stimulate production. Thus it will be a cushion against a possible severe recession.

The people who buy on hire-purchase systems are mainly working-class people who have no banking accounts. It is possible that the banks are expecting to increase their clientele by attracting them with loans carrying a lower rate of interest, immunity from debt in case of death and requiring no security. All these measures can be taken by hire-purchase companies as well. Some of them have even announced the introduction of new hire-purchase facilities without any interest for some time to come. There is also a danger that, if the hire-purchase charges are driven to an uneconomic level, the costs will be recovered in some other way. Still, keen competition will reduce malpractices in the trade, in which sometimes exorbitant interest rates are paid by unsuspecting customers. A 12 to 17 per cent interest rate is not an uncommon one in the trade. There are cases on record of interest rates as high as 71½ per cent.

The effects of these changes on the banks are more complicated and uncertain. Almost all hire-purchase firms rely on finance houses and banks for their funds. If, as a result of personal bank loans, the people start to buy cash, the hire-purchase firms will reduce their overdrafts on the banks. Thus, any increase in borrowing as a result of personal loan schemes will be offset by reduction in lending to the hire-purchase finance houses. It is not expected, therefore, that more than a portion of the margin of liquidity possessed by most banks beyond the usual 30 per cent minimum will be absorbed. There can be no doubt that profit margins in the hire-purchase trade will be greatly reduced owing to these new interest rates all round.

The hire-purchase debt in Britain was £503 millions in June 1958. Of this £201 millions was accounted for by the twelve members of the Finance Houses Association and their subsidiaries. If, as is expected, the demand for "consumer durables" is stimulated, this debt is likely to reach record proportions. And, if the new system becomes established, the scope for expansion is enormous. As yet the hire-purchase debt in Britain amounts to only £10 per head of population as compared to £70 a head in America. The one element which may yet check such a growth is the policy of the British Government, which may not welcome such an increase in consumer spending at the cost of productive investment. The Government, however, has not given any indication of its approval or disapproval so far. Will it prove to be a "race on a slack rope" as the London *Times* put it?

SUNDER KABADI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

"A practical idealist, a generous philanthropist, a true friend and counsellor, a brother to all men."

So was truthfully but inadequately described the devoted President-Founder of the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, in the folder announcing the impressive Memorial Meeting for the late B. P. Wadia, held in the Institute's packed auditorium on August 28th.

The sad intimation of Shri Wadia's passing away on August 20th was given in the September issue of THE ARYAN PATH. A picture of Shri Wadia and the Foundation Address which he delivered at the Institute on August 11th, 1958, on "Our Soul's Need" appear at the beginning of this issue.

Hundreds of friends of the Institute and of the ideals and the vision of Shri Wadia which had prompted its founding were present to pay their silent homage to his memory.

The telegrams and messages read showed the high esteem in which he was held by many, from high officials of the Government of India and the Governors of Mysore and other States to prominent educationists, publicists and other friends.

Dr. M. N. Mahadevan, a Vice-President of the Institute, and several other Members of its Executive Committee, paid their tributes to Shri Wadia's nobility of character as well as to his "life of service to India and the world," to which the message of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, India's Vice-President, referred. As Major-General S. L. Bhatia well said, he was "loved and respected by all who came in contact with him."

Miss Ethel Beswick, Honorary Secretary of the Institute's London Branch, who had been associated with Shri Wadia's activities for nearly forty years, spoke of his complete integrity which had impressed her from the first and which had made him apply in life the noble precepts of Theosophy as restated by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, the inspiration of his altruistic efforts for many years.

Several mentioned Shri Wadia's distinguished services in earlier years in the political and economic fields and also his devoting his energies in recent decades to promoting Universal Brotherhood through, among several channels, the Indian Institute of World Culture, which owed its existence primarily to his vision and its guidance to his sustained interest. Shri Mahmood Sheriff described the Institute as "so to speak, a temple, in which all, whatever their creed or caste, could come together lovingly."

In the Condolence Resolution which was passed in silence by all rising, the resolve was expressed to try earnestly "to walk humbly in his footsteps and to continue faithfully on its original lines" the work he had started and had so well nurtured. As the Chairman beautifully put it, "It is for us to rededicate ourselves to immortalizing his work by pursuing the path that he had shown us."

All present must have recognized the appositeness of Shakespeare's lines, applied to Shri Wadia by Shri B. Vasudevamurthy in moving the Condolence Resolution:—

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might

stand up
And say to all the world, "This was
a man!"

It is heartening to hear of the efforts to broaden the viewpoints of religious leaders. The world meeting of the International Association for Religious Freedom, which met on the University of Chicago campus on August 9th, began a five-day congress of nearly a thousand delegates from more than twenty countries. Spokesmen for Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Buddhism and Hinduism were searching for "a basic core of belief that the five great religions can hold in common in a crisis-ridden world." It was the contention of the hosts of the Congress that "no problem, whether it be intellectual, scientific, economic, political or ethical, can be solved without religion." The hope was expressed that the Congress would enunciate a

> clear and positive affirmation of a common conviction that religion, in its historic forms, can make such adjustments to the thinking and insights of the modern world as will enable it to undergird men's will to solve the problems that presently beset them.

Though the original corporate and legal name was "The International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom," over the years there has been a tendency to broaden the base of the Association to include other faiths beside Christianity and the phrase "Liberal Christianity" has tended to go into disuse.

At the opening dinner session the Rev. Dr. Philip R. Giles, General Superintendent of the Universalist Church of America, declared: "The day of spiritual imperialism is as doomed as the day of its political offspring." Universalism, he said, had ever "striven to vouchsafe to all religionists the freedom of faith and practice which has been a hallmark of liberalism." It aims at promoting harmony among the adherents of all religions, Christian or other.

The representative of Buddhism at the Congress, Dr. U. Chan Htoon of the Supreme Court of Burma, declared on August 12th that the areas of agreement within the world's five great religions "far outweigh, both in number and importance, the differences of theology and doctrine that too often obscure the real significance of human faith."

The common core of truth in all the world religions is undeniable. The recognition that all contain truth, however covered over with dogmas and superstitions, should lead to less stress upon the excrescences and greater sympathy between the followers of different faiths.

"The Novel Today: Death or Transmutation?"—a symposium—is a leading feature of the Spring issue of *Books Abroad* (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, U.S.A.) in which writers of several countries express their views.

In his letter inviting contributions to the "diagnosis and prognosis of the role, function and evolution of the novel," the Editor, Dr. E. E. Noth, had referred to the apparent "increasing disintegration of the novel as a literary genre," which had been claimed to be due to the "double alienation" in our day "of the writer in regard to Self and World."

The writers quoted in the Spring *Books Abroad* take a less pessimistic view. Constant Burniaux (Brussels) rejects both death and decadence in favour of the transmutation of the novel, "a question of an adjustment to our troubled and divided age." He doubts whether cinema or television can dethrone the novel, the role of which "is to speak to Man of Man."

André Chamson (Paris) also speaks of the novel's metamorphosis, seeing the very ability for transformation which the novel has been showing as indicative of vitality.

Heimito von Doderer (Vienna) sees the crisis as "that of our reality," generally, and maintains that the fate of the *genre* "novel" today depends primarily on the concept of universality, successfully achieving which it "would without fail take its place as the leading artistic genre of our time."

Halldor Laxness (Reykjavik) sees no reason to be sorry for the "downgrading" of the great bulk of modern subjectivist novels. Such writing, he remarks, has little to do with telling a story about "the great things that have taken place in the world." Interest in writing like this, he considers, is inherent in humanity and it will never get outmoded.

Ilya Ehrenburg (Moscow) concedes that "the novel changes, as do other forms of art." He considers the twentieth-century novel artistically inferior to that of the middle or end of the nineteenth century, but he sees readers' interest in novels that are classics as undiminished in Russia and, he believes, elsewhere.

Aldous Huxley (California) stresses the individual factor, recalling the unpredictable later *Canterbury Tales* in the fourteenth century, with their psychological insight and their adaptation of literary means to the end of delineating character. "What the novel needs more than anything," he suggests, "is half a dozen Chaucers."

The views of others are promised for the succeeding issue.

A closer relationship between India and the U.S.A. was considered vital at a Seminar of Indian and U.S. experts, held at Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, according to *The American Reporter* of July 2nd, 1958.

Philips Talbot, a scholar and a writer on India, stressed the necessity of strengthening democracy in Asia, while K. L. Dalal of the Indian Embassy in Washington considered peace essential to the removing of poverty from India. Brij Mohan Sekhri, a Socialist of New Delhi, favoured the idea of "people-to-people approaches," through universities, unions and farmers of both countries. Wilfred Malenbaum of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology approved of American aid to India in her development.

An illuminating editorial on the subject of "India and the Americas in the Future" appeared in THE ARYAN PATH of September 1941, where it is stated:—

> The future of the world will be very greatly fashioned by the U.S.A.—the newest family of the Occident—and by our India—the spiritual mother of humanity. . . . If the task of the Americas is to free themselves from the weaknesses inherited from Europe, that of India is to wipe out whatever false distinctions there remain rooted in creedalism, in sectarianism, in religiosity . . . history points to a New Civilization arising out of the proper blending of American cultures.

Dr. Frank P. Graham, making the keynote speech at the opening of a three-day Seminar on the role of the humanities at the University of Massachusetts, in Amherst, made the valuable suggestion that only Universal Brotherhood could save mankind from nuclear annihilation. This was challenged by Dr. Sydney Hook, Professor of Philosophy in New York University, in the panel discussion on the striking of a balance between science and the humanities. Dr. Hook demanded: "How can you speak of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God when some of those you are dealing with don't even believe in God?" Dr. Hook pinned his faith to a scientific approach

to international relations rather than a religious one. Dr. Graham in his opening speech itself asserted that "in an age of emphasis on engines, mechanisms and gadgets 'science should become more deeply a part of the humanities in the educational curriculum and less dangerously a part of the barbarities of modern society.'"

Science as the disinterested pursuit of knowledge must never allow itself to forget its role in the spiritual scheme of life, which is to enlarge the vision of man without sacrificing the ultimate values of life.

The imbroglio in the Near East in mid-July brought clearly to all but the deafest ears the rumbling of the volcano on the side of which humanity is living. The immediate crisis past, however, the nations turned again to international competition, power politics and other dangerous machines. Not all, however, have been able to dismiss from mind the peril of the present, to say nothing of the risking, by continued nuclear testing, of unborn generations' health and happiness or the squandering in the arms race of resources needed for the common weal.

The holding at Tokyo, from August 15th to 20th, of the Fourth World Conference against Atom and Hydrogen Bombs and for Disarmament gives heartening assurance that not all are blind to the world's danger. The movement for which it stands has distinguished sponsors in numerous countries and must have the sympathy and moral support of all men of good will. The June-July issue of *No More Hiroshimas* reports continuing agitation in many parts of the world.

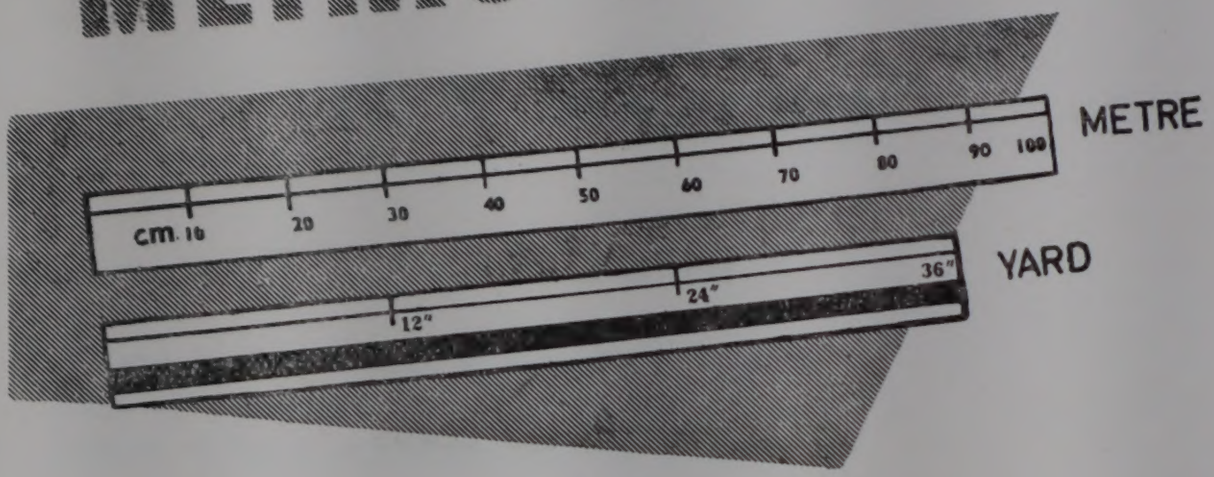
THE PROPHET

The men who scanned the heavens of your time
And saw your star ablaze in hostile night
Were blinded by its brilliance, praised instead
The stars of talent and their tinsel light.

The truth is now in right perspective seen,
Your star burns with an ever clearer light
While lesser minds and their false radiance
Have vanished in oblivion's endless night.

HERBERT BLUEN

WHAT IS THE METRIC SYSTEM ?



The Metric System derives its name from the Metre, which is the primary unit for measuring length. In this system, as in all decimal systems, the basis of calculation is 10. We multiply or divide any unit of length, weight or volume by the same number i.e. 10.

In the Metric System, the multiples of a unit have the prefix *Deca* (10 times), *Hecto* ($10 \times 10 = 100$ times) and *Kilo* ($10 \times 10 \times 10 = 1{,}000$ times). The sub-units have the prefix *Deci* (1/10) *Centi* (1/100) and *Milli* (1/1,000).

THE CHANGE-OVER TO THE METRIC SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES BEGINS FROM OCTOBER, 1958

KNOW THE METRIC LENGTHS

The primary unit of length is

THE METRE

=40 inches approx.
1 kilometre = 5 furlongs

SUB-UNITS

10 millimetres	= 1 centimetre
10 centimetres	= 1 decimetre
10 decimetres	= 1 metre

MULTIPLES

10 metres	= 1 decametre
10 decametres	= 1 hectometre
10 hectometres	= 1 kilometre

OA 85/601

2

ISSUED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

HENRY DAVIS COMPANY
(Private) LIMITED

IMPORTERS

of

ATLAS **PENCILS and LEADS**

SCRIPTO **MECHANICAL PENCILS**

DOBBINS **AGRICULTURAL SPRAYERS, Etc.**

BOSTITCH **STAPLING MACHINES and REFILLS**

Enquiries Invited

Head Office:

18, ELPHINSTONE CIRCLE

BOMBAY 1

THE

KEY TO THEOSOPHY

H. P. Blavatsky

THIS book is a clear exposition, in the form of Questions and Answers, of the Ethics, Science and Philosophy of Theosophy. A verbatim reprint of the original volume published in 1889, with Index.

"I recall having read . . . Madame Blavatsky's **KEY TO THEOSOPHY**. This book stimulated in me the desire to read books on Hinduism, and disabused me of the notion fostered by the missionaries that Hinduism was rife with superstition."

M. K. Gandhi

367 Pages Rs. 2.50

Theosophy Co. (India) Private, Ltd.
40, New Marine Lines
BOMBAY 1

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to

The Living of the Higher Life

VOLUME XXVIII No. 11 SEPTEMBER 1958

Summary:

A COLLEAGUE PASSES

THE MASTERS AND THE WAY TO THEM

"EQUAL-MINDEDNESS IS CALLED YOGA"

SOUND AND MANTRAMS

"IN SEARCH OF REALITY"

ON PHILOSOPHICAL ANARCHISM

And Other Articles, Besides the Usual Features: Notes and Comments; Correspondence; "In the Light of Theosophy"

Subscription: Rs. 4.00; 8s. $2.00 per annum (*Post Free*)

Published by:

THEOSOPHY CO. (INDIA) PRIVATE LTD.,

40 New Marine Lines, Bombay 1

India